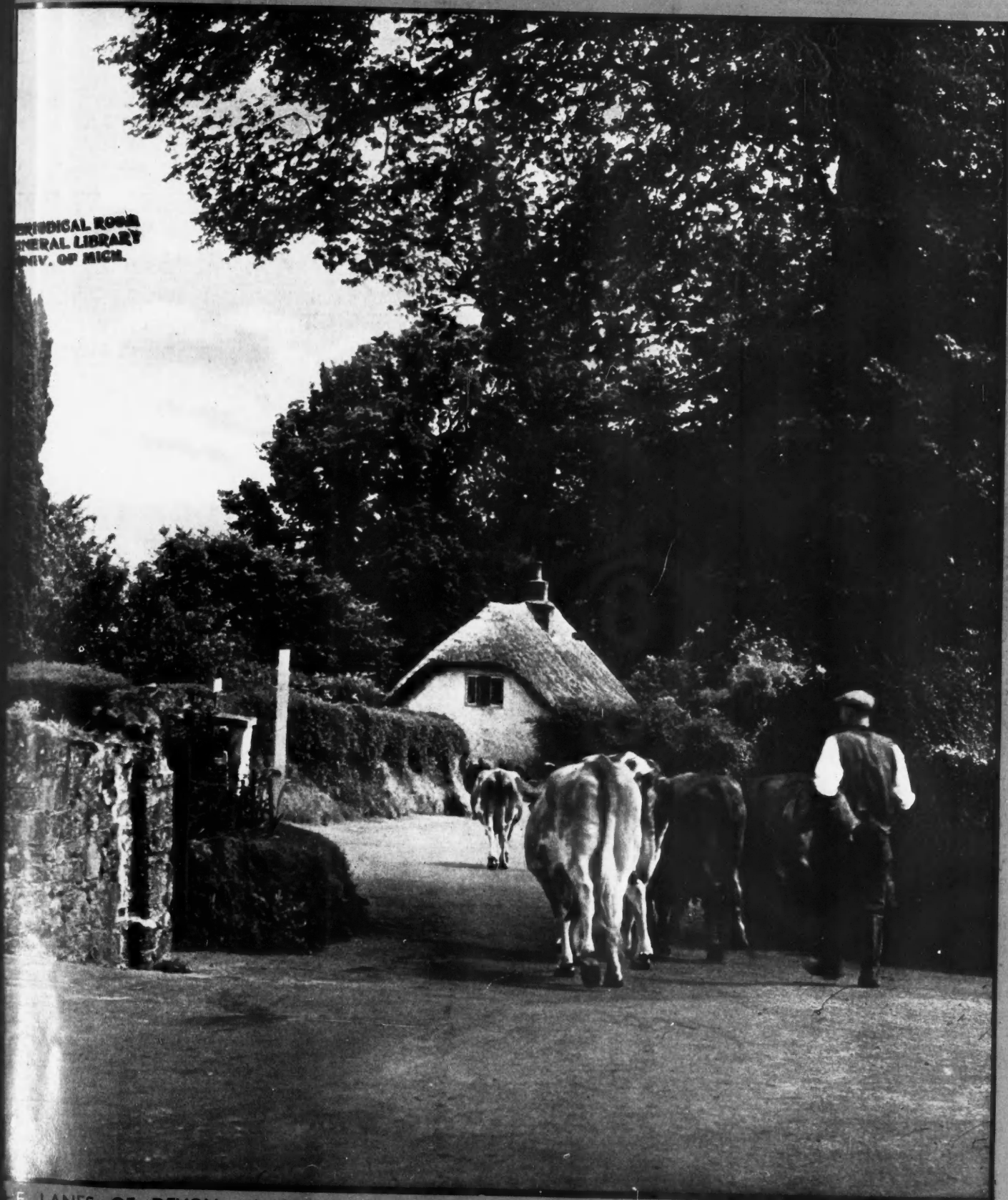


BADGERS AT HOME. By FRANCES PITT

# COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday  
SEPTEMBER 4, 1942

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



LANES OF DEVON: A SCENE NEAR MAIDENCOMBE

H. A. Summers

## PERSONAL

**AGENTS WANTED** with sound connection amongst farmers for the sale of well-known speciality product. Write Box 983.

**BRUSHES and Toilet Sets** renovated and restored in any material—Tortoiseshell and Ivory House, Ltd., 15 Soho Sq., W.1. Gerrard 4488.

**CIGARS**, have you any Havana Cigars? Private smoker would purchase. Please mention brand and size. Box 142.

**DENTAL STIMULATORS**. If you want DENTAL STICKS, go to your chemist and ask for a packet of KEENES DENTAL STIMULATORS or send 1/- in stamps to KEENES LABORATORIES LIMITED, 46, Elswick Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

**DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER, &c.** Competitive bidding brings high prices at our Auction Sales, and we strongly advise you consult MESSRS. JOHNSON DYMOND & SON, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2 before parting with your valuables. Sales held weekly. Advice gratis.

**DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER, PLATE, ETC.**, urgently required for export. Highest cash prices. The largest buyers in the country are BENTLEY AND CO., 65 New Bond Street (facing Brook Street), W.1. Phone MAYfair 0551.

**FUR COATS**. DELMER PRICE, 27, Bruton St., W.1, (1st floor) has several fashionable Fur Coats for Sale (secondhand, good condition) including Mink, Persian Lamb, Dyed Ermine and Musquash, etc. Furs remodelled or taken in part exchange.

**GAME**. Messrs. SPIERS & POND LTD., will be pleased to contract for purchase of large or small supplies of all classes of game direct from shoots. Full control prices and carriage paid. Hampers supplied. 35, New Bridge St., E.C.4.

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**JACK BARCLAY, LTD.** A wonderful investment, a ROLLS ROYCE or BENTLEY car of pre-war workmanship and material. Write for stock list 12 and 13 St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Mayfair 7444.

**KNIVES**. Are your knives blunt? A few strokes on a "Chantry" Sharpener gives amazing results. All knives need regular attention, especially stainless. Does not scratch or damage. Price 15/3, post 6d. Enthusiastically recommended by CHARLES CLEMENTS, Specialist in fine cutlery (Est. 1890), 125, Regent Street, W.1, and 63, Burlington Arcade, W.1. Post orders to 3, Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

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**MINK COAT**. Good second-hand mink coat wanted. Write Box 27.

**MONOMARK**. Permanent confidential London address. Letters redirected immediately. 5/- p.a. Royal patronage. Write BM/MON/017, W.C.1.

**MOVIES and Talkies**. After the war your home movie projector will soon be out of date. We pay top prices for 16 mm. Talkies, 8, 9.5 and 16 mm. home movie projectors; Leica, Contax and other modern roll-film cameras and enlargers are STILL URGENTLY WANTED—will you release yours?—WALLACE HEATON, LTD., 127, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

**OLD SPORTING AND COACHING COLLECTION** DISPERSED, consequent upon advanced years of owner. Includes "HUNTING," "SHOOTING," "COURAGING," "COCK FIGHTING," "RACING," also "COACHING RELICS." Some of the latter belonged to the late Birch Reynardson (Gentleman Coachman); some subjects date from 1773. Box 143.

**SELFRIDGES** are prepared to buy for immediate cash JEWELLERY, DIAMONDS, GOLD, SILVER, MARQUETTE AND WINE PASTE. Send particulars to SELFRIDGES LTD., Oxford Street, W.1. Mayfair 1234.

**SUNLIGHT**, and Foam Baths, Massage, Colonic Lavage, are invaluable in cases of rheumatism, catarrh, and general debility.—MRS. GORDON, 39, Cumberland Court, Marble Arch, W.1. (AMB. 2575).

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**WATCHES WANTED**. New, old, disused, or out-of-order. Top prices paid. Send reg. Cash or offer by return.—KAY'S (CL), 19 Hopwood Avenue, Manchester 4.

**HAVE YOU COCKROACHES?** Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE. Successfully used world over. Extermination guaranteed. Chemists, Boots' Branches, Sole makers: HOWARTH'S, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield 10. Tins 1/9, 2/10, 5/6.

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**BIRD SEED**—Mixture for all small cage-birds: 3 lb. 5/-; 7 lb. 10/6, 14 lbs. 20/-. SPECIAL BUDGERIGAR MIXTURE, 6 pints 16/6, 12 pints 30/-. Sample pint 2/10. All carriage paid.—G.T. TELKAMP & SONS, Ltd., 144 Fenchurch St., E.C.3.

**GORDON SETTER Puppies** for sale, by Wossen of Winsdon from Lady Beatty of Shippen, Show, gun or ideal companions.—L. MORSE, 38 Chalmers Road, Cambridge.

**OV-OX**, the No. 1 Poultry Food (unrationed). The great war-time egg producer; 82.75 per cent. albuminoids; pure food mixed with mash or scraps, will greatly increase your egg supply. "Ideal as a protein supplement for poultry and pigs." Full directions. 7 lb. 7/6; 14 lb. 14/-; 28 lb. 24/-; 56 lb. 46/-; 1 cwt. 87/6; carriage paid.—OV-OX BY-PRODUCTS (CL), Sevenoaks.

**PULLETS**, grand lot, 25 months. Satisfaction assured.—FENLANDS POULTRY FARM, Hanworth Lane, Chertsey, 3252.

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**A SECRETARIAL TRAINING** FOR IMPORTANT WAR-TIME POSTS AT 67, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.7. OR IN LOVELY COUNTRY MANSION NEAR WINDSOR. Long or intensive course. Phone or write to SECRETARY for prospectus. Western 6939.

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**LANGFORD GROVE SCHOOL** is now at EYWOOD, TITLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, in extremely healthy and beautiful inland surroundings. FROEBEL Department for Juniors. Advanced courses for other students in languages, music, the arts, dressmaking, secretarial work, and in technical draughtsmanship in preparation for ENGINEERING, ARCHITECTURE, and the SERVICES. Swimming, riding, games. A few bursaries available for children of parents on active service. Tel.: KINGTON 8.

**PETERSTOW COURT** Residential Riding Academy for Ladies. Ross-on-Wye, successfully prepare candidates for the I. of H. Examination. Girls from 15 years of age accepted.—Principals: R. E. FRITCHARD, ex-M.F.H., Fellow and Instructor of the Institute of the Horse, and MRS. FRITCHARD.

**PRE-CONSCRIPTION AGE TRAINING** FOR POST-WAR HOME LIFE. Miss P.L. Garbutt, Director of the Good Housekeeping Institute, 28-30, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, announces the opening of a Homecraft School where a selected number of girls, of school-leaving age, may take an intensive course in homecraft. The school is situated in a "safe" Surrey area and conditions will approximate as nearly as possible to those of normal home life. Students will be under the supervision of fully trained Domestic Science teachers. The first course commences in September. Prospectus on application to the above address.

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**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HARLEY STREET, W.1**. Michaelmas Term begins September 22nd. Matriculation post-Matriculation work in Arts, Science, Secretarial Course. Training for those aiming at specialised, responsible work in the Women's Services. Particulars: Acting Principal.

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**THE GLEBE HOUSE BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOL**, Hunstanton, Norfolk, is still continuing, under new management, with the same essential traditions. Excellent premises and health record. Broad curriculum on sound and modern lines. Those interested apply Headmaster, MR. E. GEOFFREY COGHILL, M.A. Cantab.

**THE TRIANGLE** Secretarial College, South Molton Street, W.1. May 5306-8. Residential Branch, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

**TRAIN now** for a post-war career and for a present hobby. HALF FEES scheme of the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM is still being kept open and the Courses of personal coaching by correspondence are now within the means of everyone. Staff Journalism, Free-Lance Journalism, Fiction, Poetry, Radio Plays. No time limit for study.—Free advice and book "Writing for the Press," from Applications Dept., 57, Gordon Square, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

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**COIFFURE**.—An enchanting "CORONET OF CURLS," with its tonic effect upon your personality, will do much to remove an inferiority complex! Instantly adjusted, with less trouble than putting on your hat! Invaluable when you are unable to visit your hairdresser. All-round Coronet from 7 gns., half-coronet from 5 gns. (A pattern of your hair will enable me to quote you the exact cost.)

**MONSIEUR GEORGES BARRANGER**, PREMIER (FREE) FRENCH POSTICHEUR, MAISON GEORGES, 38/40, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1 (only address).

Telephones: Victoria 5943 (appointments); Victoria 5944 (offices and general).

**ELIZABETH THOMPSON**, of 35 Great Russell Street, W.C.1, BUYS and has FOR SALE Model Dresses, Hats, Shoes and high-class Furs from the best Houses in London. Good prices given. Est. 28 years. Museum 3049.

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**PERSIAN LAMB COAT** in perfect condition. Will accept £35. Opportunities are rare and this is a genuine one. Write Box 115.

**REMODELING. SAVE MONEY.** EVA RITCHER makes OLD HATS NEW, at 4, Berkeley Street, W.1. Tel. MAY 1651.

**THE FASHION CIRCLE DRESS AGENCY**. Good clothes bought and sold. Room 27, 55, Berners-st. W.1. Museum 2273.

## FOR SALE

**BLANKETS. CELLULAR: Cream, Blue, Green** Rose, Peach, 80 by 100 ins., 42s.; 72 by 90 ins., 36s.; 63 by 84 ins., 30s. each: post free.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

**CARAVANS, ECCLES**, 13 ft. 6 ins., 3 rooms, and separate folding kitchen, 2 double, 1 single berth. Double panelled. Valor Perfection cooker. £270. HARPER Caravan, 8 ft., double panelled, 1 double berth. Paraffin cooker. Wardrobe, folding table. Excellent condition. 285. 40 OTHER CARAVANS in stock at F.O.C. Caravan Centre, 206 Cricklewood Broadway, N.W.2. Gladstone 2234.

New Display Ground now open at Hillcrest Gardens, North Circular Road, Finchley, N.3. Open every weekday until 6 p.m. Closed Sundays.

**LADIES' SWEATS** (regulation styles) in Country-style tweeds, made to measure from £4 15s. and 18 coupons. Satisfaction or cash and coupons refunded. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNE, 28 Wigton, Cumberland.

**LADIES' TWEEDS**, soft, lasting, 14-yd., 56 in. wide. Write for patterns.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

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**RUBBER STAMPS**, pads, type, stencil plates, etc., promptly supplied and cheap.—RICHMONDS, LTD., 8 Snow Hill, London. England's largest makers for 60 years.

**STAMPS!** Early British Colonials.—Selections superb copies sent on approval to serious collectors. Terms 1/6 of cat. price. Also some Mint and superb used moderns, "K." 6, Westhill Rd., S.W.18.

**TWEEDS**. Your favourite suit copied (nearest regulation style) in John Peel tweed, from £6 12s. 6d and 26 coupons. Satisfaction or money and coupons refunded. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNE, 28 Wigton, Cumberland.

## HOTELS AND GUESTS

**BATH, BROCKHAM END HOTEL**. Wide view over Somerset and Gloucestershire. Squash, tennis, swimming, golf and walking in perfect country. English cooking at its best; central heating, h. and c. Luxurious beds. Garage.

**BRADING, Mr. WARE, HERTS. THE GABLE**. Small sixteenth-century Guest House, has a double bedded room available from October. Short or long stay. Good cooking; comfortable; pretty country: London 28 miles. £13 13s. 6d. each.

**BRISTOL—country (7 miles)**. Bachelor offers home to gentleman as only paying guest. Housekeeper kept. Pleasant country surroundings overlooking Severn valley, good cooking, garden and every convenience. Widely travelled person preferred. Four guineas.—Box 139.

**DULVERTON, SOMERSET. WOODCOTE HOTEL**. On the edge of Exmoor, and the border of Devon. As perfect a spot as you could hope to find for peaceful leave, or for hunting, or for walking amidst delectable scenery. From 44 gns. Telephone: Dulverton 129.

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**WESTWARD HO—NORTHAM "CLEVELANDS"** (NORTH DEVON). Luxurious Country Club Hotel. Tel. Northam 300.

**WINCHESTER ROYAL HOTEL**. In old-world St. Peter Street. Leading family hotel. Running water. Central heating. Facing own garden. Very good Garage. Write for "C.L. Illustrated Tariff." Tel. 31.

**YORKSHIRE**. Married couple taken as permanent paying guests in pleasant house just outside Malton. Box 136.

## WANTED

**ADDERS, CALCULATORS, TYPEWRITERS** and SAFES, etc., wanted FOR CASH. Highest prices.—TAYLOR'S, 74, Chancery Lane, London, Holborn 3793.

**CLOTHING**. Highest prices returned for discarded Lounge Suits, Overcoats, Furs, Wearing Apparel of all kinds. Private owners may send with safety to Dept. CL, JOHNSON DYMOND & SON, LTD., (Est. 1793), 24-25, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

**CLOTHING—MISS MANN and SHACKLETON** pay highest prices for Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit clothing: Furs, Linen, Silver, Old Gold, Jewellery, etc. Offer or cash by return for consignment sent. Est. 1860.—FERN HOUSE, Norbiton, Surrey.

**CLOTHING**. Packages of ladies' gent's, and children's unwanted clothing forwarded to MRS. J. PAMMENTON, WAVERLEY HOUSE, GREAT HORTON, BRADFORD, YORKS, PHONE 3470, are immediately examined and postal orders despatched by return. Goods are then repacked, remaining intact for one week. In event of dissatisfaction with price offered on receipt of such intimation together with P.O. goods are immediately returned (carriage paid to sender). Highest prices given. Established 30 years. Evening wear not accepted.

## GARDENING

**A MARKET GARDENING PROJECT**. An active partnership is offered on the south coast of Cornwall, facing sea, in a rural district and within easy distance of bus route to Truro, Penzance and Falmouth.

Suitable for two ladies with practical and sound knowledge of gardening, also ability to share work and control the men now employed. Or father with son exempt from war work would also scope for a large and healthy outdoor life, possessing unique post-war possibilities for interesting development in London later. The foregoing has a reference to the extensive sale of vegetables, all kinds of poultry and tame rabbits (Ostend type) which can be supplied daily to large Wes. End Hotels and Restaurants direct, by express motor service from Farringdon Station between 7 and 11 a.m.

All produce and vegetables now supplied to local Aerodrome twice weekly on monthly basis of payment.

The advertiser (a family man with two daughters now joining up) has expended over £1,500 during the past year in plant equipment and well-sinking, with pipe lines for irrigation and labour; he now seeks a partner or partners with capital of £2,000 for future developments and the consolidating of substantial future business. Good health, early rising and a strong liking for hard work are essential.

An ideal business is available for the prospective partner's occupation, and the freedom thereof with land, poultry houses and rabbitry is offered as collateral security to the investor. Interested parties must be in a position to come to Cornwall for a week-end to see and investigate the proposition with a view to making a prompt decision. Comfortable accommodation can be assured at Hotel facing sea.

Photographs will be sent upon the assurance of their return within twenty-four hours of their receipt.—Write Box 140.

**BULBS**.—All flowering King Alfred, Emperor, Commando, Cerasus, Golden Spur, Golden Phoenix, Brillancy, Victoria, Cheerfulness, Bonfire, 29s. 100, Barri, Evangeline, Priory Park, Helios, 15s., Double White and Pheasant Eye, sweet scented, 12s. 6d. 100, White Madonna Lilies, Crown Imperial, £1 20. Muscari Lyciatis, Blue, 8s. and 10s. 100. Mixed Daffs. and Narciss. 12s. 100, 100s. 1,000—all carriage paid. Now do please order early as the Ministry of Transport is stopping cut flowers from travelling and nurserymen are not allowed to grow bulbs in greenhouses this winter, so flowers will be very scarce.—CHARLES CURTIS (47-year advertiser), Chatteris, Cambs.

**BULBS**.—Snowdrops, single or double, 8s., 10s., and 12s.; Muscari, Heavenly Blue, 8s., 10s., and 12s.; Anemone St. Brigid, 8s. and 10s.; Winter Aconites, 10s.; all per 100; Autumn Crocus, 8s. and 10s.; Cyclamen Persicum, salmon, red shade, mixed, 10s. and 12s.; Crown Imperials, 12s.; White Madonna Lily, 12s.; Freesias, Hybrids, choice mixed, 8s., and 8s.; all per dozen. Send for List and Details, etc., for early forcing.

CROSS and Co., The Falcon Bulb Warehouses and Offices, Wisbech.

**DAFFODILS**.—Large first-quality Double Nose, suitable for Christmas forcing in pots, bowls, etc., King Alfred, Emperor, Helios, Golden Spur, Croesus, E. H. Krelage, Prof. Westerdijk, Wrestler, Liberty, Oliver Cromwell, Victoria, Sir Watkin, Double Cheerfulness—all at 25s. and 30s. per 100. Send for List.

CROSS and Co., The Falcon Bulb Warehouses and Offices, Wisbech.

**FANTASTEX** (Liquid Activator) and FANTEX HUMUS (Dry Activator). Mrs. Bress, of Latchford, writes on July 27th, 1942: "As you know, I rely on Fantastex to keep my garden healthy and free from blight. I NEVER SPRAY my ROSE TREES now, which is such a saving of time and energy. In the kitchen garden, my PEAS, BEANS, ONIONS, etc., are as FREE FROM PESTS as the rose trees."

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**PAVING STONE**. Quantity old London York Paving Stone for Sale (rectangular). WILLIS, 24 Stilehall Gardens, Chiswick. Ph. 3584.

**"RETEX"** (Reg.) SCREENED GRANULATED FEAT, prepared for horticulture, poultry bedding, etc. Fast fuel. Prices delivered home. UNIVERSAL FEAT CO., LTD., Tunbridge Wells.

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**ORIENTAL and OTHER Carpets** and Rugs wanted. Good prices paid if in good condition.—Full details to CELEBS & ORAGE CO., LTD., 20, Eastcheap, E.C. Man. H. 1082.

**SILVER TEA and COFFEE SERVICE**. Early Victorian or earlier period. Private buyer.

## Motor Cars

**BROOKLANDS OF BOND STREET**.—here to buy and where to sell cars of good makes and low mileage.—103, New Bond Street, W.1. Mayfair 8351.

## PROPERTY LINEAGE

PAGE 440.



# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCIII. No. 2381.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1942

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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Main line station 4 miles. Bus and station 1 mile

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possessing all the charac-  
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and containing a quantity  
of old oak beams.

is built of mellowed red  
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and is situate in the centre  
of the land.

Hall, cloakroom, 2 reception  
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Central heating. Electric light.  
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THE GARDENS form a  
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include tennis courts, rock  
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ABOUT 28 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Hunting. Golf

Strongly recommended by the Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (29,515)

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Occupying a glorious position in its own Park about 300 ft. up, with all-round views, the Cotswold  
Stone Residence with tiled roof, is in first-class order and approached by two drives.

The accommodation, which is all on two floors, comprises: Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms  
(5 with basins), 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Gas. Company's electricity available. Telephone. Excellent water supply. Septic tank drainage system.  
Stabling for 7 with rooms over. Garage for 4 cars. 4 cottages.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS include Grass Tennis Courts, large productive Kitchen Garden; HOME FARM, the  
remainder being grassland. The whole property extends to

ABOUT 320 ACRES (all in hand)

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By Direction of Captain J. W. W. Bridges.

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Between Exmoor and the Quantocks. Adjoining the Dunster Castle Estate near Minehead and Washford.

THE COMPACT FREEHOLD AGRICULTURAL AND RESIDENTIAL

### CROYDON HALL ESTATE OF 547 ACRES

including  
CROYDON HALL  
A comfortable  
medium-sized Manor  
House, with modern  
appointments.  
Garages, Stabling and  
Outbuildings.

Home Farm and 3  
other Farms.

Secondary Residence  
"VALE HOUSE."  
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Trout Stream of about  
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The Estate produces a  
Rental of £1,232 p.a.,  
excluding the Garages  
and Stabling, Home Farm  
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acres and 5 Cottages, also  
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To be offered for Sale  
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Regent 0293  
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*In a notably pretty village within easy reach of main line station.*



NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

#### COMFORTABLE OLD HOUSE

brought up-to-date at considerable expense. Fine oak beams and carved timbers. 4 bedrooms, 2 bathroom, 3 large reception rooms. Central heating. Main electric light and water. Septic tank drainage. Tel. Garage. Finely-timbered grounds.  
**1 1/2 ACRES FOR SALE.**

### AS AN INVESTMENT

43 miles from London.

#### A WELL-LET RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 3,000 ACRES

IS FOR DISPOSAL, INCLUDING MANSION AND PARK, OCCUPIED AND LET, SEVERAL VILLAGES, A NUMBER OF GOOD FARMS AND A CONSIDERABLE AREA OF WOODLAND

#### WILL BE SOLD TO SHOW A REASONABLE RETURN

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### BETWEEN HORSHAM & THREE BRIDGES

*Adjacent St. Leonard's Forest. Station 1 mile.*



**ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE OF GREAT CHARM. COMPLETELY RESTORED PERIOD INTERIOR. LONG PRIVATE ROAD APPROACH. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Secluded gardens. Small lake. Grass fields. OVER 12 ACRES. UNEXPECTEDLY FOR SALE. Would Let Furnished from October.**

Inspected and confidently recommended by: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (12,478.)

### UNSPOILT SURREY—I HOUR'S RAIL

*In the vicinity of beautiful Leith Hill.*



**REALLY UNIQUE TUDOR HOUSE.** Many old-world characteristics. Large sums spent on restoration. 2 reception (one 30 ft. by 20 ft.), fascinating interior, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' suite. Main water and drainage. Electricity. Central heating. GARAGE. GRANARY. FINE OLD BARN (50 ft. by 20 ft.). Cottage (2 rooms). LOVELY GARDENS. LARGE LILY POND. GRASS AND ARABLE (let off) **NEARLY 30 ACRES—FREEHOLD. UNEXPECTEDLY FOR SALE. ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT A FLAW.** Unhesitatingly recommended personally by Owner's accredited Agents: RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

Grosvenor 3121  
(3 lines).

## WINKWORTH & CO.

LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS, 48, CURZON ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

### HERTS. 26 MILES FROM LONDON

*Close to a main line station. High ground. Gravel soil.*

ERECTED IN 1790 FROM DESIGNS OF THE CELEBRATED ARCHITECT, WYATT.

MODERNISED AND IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER.

The House contains:

VERY BEAUTIFUL SALOON HALL  
(33 ft. by 27 ft.),  
5 RECEPTION ROOMS,  
7 BATHROOMS,  
20 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.

Main electric light and water.

Central heating.

Basins in bedrooms (h. and c.)

SQUASH COURT.



Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

#### BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS

Hard court; cricket ground; lake.

EXTENSIVE KITCHEN GARDENS.

**THE WHOLE ESTATE OF 420 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD or the Mansion would be sold separately with, say, 100 Acres**

The Estate includes woodlands, well placed for shooting; 2 Farms, with extensive buildings; several Cottages and Lodges. The Mansion is at present requisitioned, but possession of the Farm Land can be had on completion.

### CHIPPENHAM 7 MILES

500 ft. above sea. Glorious views.

#### ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE DATING FROM XVth CENTURY

6 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms.

STABLING. GARAGE.

GARDENS and GROUNDS

with kitchen garden, tennis court, lily pool, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 1 ACRE

FOR SALE AT £2,500

Sole Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.

### ABOUT 60 MILES WEST

*Favourite Wilt's Borders. On a large private estate. London about 1 hour.*



#### A BEAUTIFUL PERIOD RESIDENCE

skillfully fitted with every XXth Century comfort. 8 best bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, servants' rooms, hall and 4 reception rooms. Frigidaire, "Ese" cooker. Stabling. Garage and rooms. Hard court. Charming old grounds on estate of **110 ACRES.**

**TO BE LET FURNISHED**

Shooting. Riding. Golf 12 miles.  
WINKWORTH & Co., Mayfair, London, W.1.

### SUSSEX

AN EXCEPTIONALLY PRODUCTIVE

FARM OF ABOUT 200 ACRES

with

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

CAPABLE OF RESTORATION AND ADDITION

Now containing: 6 bedrooms and 2 reception rooms.

Extensive buildings and 3 cottages.

The Land is of very high quality and includes about 45 ACRES of valuable fattening marshland.

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE**

**WITH POSSESSION**

Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, W.1.



# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

## WILTS AND DORSET BORDERS



In a picturesque Village 10 miles from Salisbury.

INTERSECTED BY A TROUT STREAM.

THE RESIDENCE occupies a secluded and sheltered position about 300 ft. up on a rich soil, facing South and enjoying delightful views. It stands about 100 yards back from a by-road and contains: Hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms (5 with basins), 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Company's electric light. Telephone. Well water supply. Septic tank drainage. 2 Garages. 3 Cottages.

THE GROUNDS include undulating lawns, broad walks, herbaceous borders, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock.

About 4½ ACRES—FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. TYSER, GREENWOOD & CO., 386, Chiswick High Road, W.4; or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (33,409.)

## HERTS—ADJOINING A GOLF COURSE

25 miles from London.

The MODERN BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE is situated 400 ft. up, facing South.

It stands about 150 ft. back from the road and contains lounge, 2 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

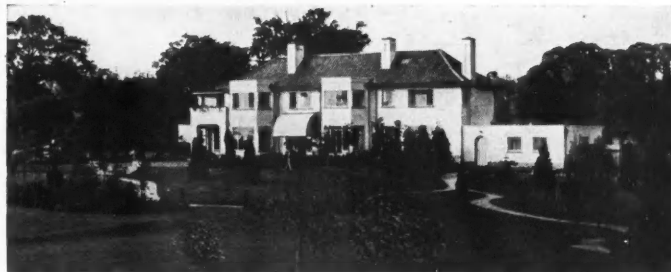
Companies' electricity, gas and water. Main drainage. Garage for 2 cars. Grass tennis court, rock garden, waterfall, herbaceous borders, vegetable garden.

ABOUT 2½ ACRES

(To be Let Furnished, or might be Sold)

Sole London Agents:

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (38,488)



## 27 MILES SOUTH-WEST OF LONDON

A MODERN RESIDENCE standing about 200 ft. up on sandy soil, facing south and commanding extensive views. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Companies' electric light, power, gas and water. Central heating. Telephone. Garages. Gardener's Cottage.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS

PRODUCTIVE KITCHEN GARDEN. PADDOCK.

ABOUT 6¾ ACRES To be Sold Freehold

Particulars of the Sole Agents:

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (7,164)

## ASCOT HEATH

Occupying a pleasant situation, an ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT RED BRICK RESIDENCE, with tiled roof, erected 40 odd years ago in a Period style of architecture. It faces South and stands in beautifully timbered grounds, and contains: Hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Companies' electric light, gas and water. Telephone. Modern drainage. Garage for 2 cars. Stabling with Cottage over.

THE GARDENS are a feature and well timbered with a variety of trees. They include Ornamental Lawns, Herbaceous Border, Woodland Walks, Kitchen Garden.

ABOUT 6½ ACRES For Sale at a Reasonable Price

Further particulars of the Sole Agents:

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (17,866)

## MALVERN HILLS

GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 9 ACRES

Occupying a glorious situation 675 ft. up on rock soil, facing South-West with magnificent views of the Welsh Mountains.

THE HOUSE is built of brick with slate roof and stands well back from the road.

It comprises: Halls, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms (5 with basins), 4 bathrooms.

Central heating. Companies' electric light, power, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage.

Garage for 3 cars. Stabling. Cottage of 6 rooms and bathroom and outbuildings.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS, Rose Garden, large Kitchen Garden, Orchard, Paddocks and Woodland.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. Hunting. Golf. Polo.

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (37,858.)



## OXON AND BUCKS BORDERS

On the edge of a Village. Station half-a-mile.

THE OAK-BEAMED 14TH CENTURY RESIDENCE

occupies a nice position and is approached by a 'drive. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Company's electric light. Central heating. Well water supply. Modern drainage. Garage.

GARDEN OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Particulars of the Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (39,969)



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20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams:  
Galleries, Wesdo, London



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

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## AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

Overlooking Valley of the Darent. 1 mile from Station on Southern Railway. Unspoiled Locality. 280 feet up. 21 miles from London.

### DARENTHDALE, SHOREHAM, near SEVENOAKS, KENT

#### A CHARMING MODERNISED HOUSE

with drive, hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, business or gun room, workroom, compact offices, all on 2 floors.

Co.'s electric light and water. Central heating. Main drainage. Lodge. Garages. Outbuildings. Greenhouses.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND MEADOWLAND. IN ALL NEARLY

11 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION.



For SALE by AUCTION at BLIGH'S HOTEL, SEVENOAKS, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold privately.)

Particulars of the Solicitors: Messrs. A. FERGUSON and J. T. T. BROWN, 17, West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2, and Messrs. LEE & PEMBERTONS, 14, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele: REG. 8222.).

By order of the Executors.

### DORKING

Glorious unspoilt position about 2 miles from the town.

#### FOR SALE. A PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE

Standing high with a Southern aspect.

VERY FINE OAK-PANELLED LOUNGE (about 35 ft. by 16 ft. 9 ins.), 2 other sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Part central heating. Co.'s water, gas, electric light and power.

SUPERIOR LODGE.

GARAGE. WORKSHOP, ETC.

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED GROUNDS AND WOODLANDS.

Charming garden of great variety. Orchard. In all

ABOUT 11¾ ACRES

PRICE £7,000 FREEHOLD



Apply to the joint Sole Agents: Messrs. CHAS. OSENTON & CO., 251, High Street, Dorking (Tele. 2085), or HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele.: REG. 8222.) (S.15,696)

### SOUTH DEVON

Between Torquay and Newton Abbot. In a glorious position overlooking moor and sea.

#### TO BE SOLD CHOICE MODERN HOUSE

BUILT IN 1935 ON A CAREFULLY CHOSEN SITE.

Lounge (29 ft. 6 ins. by 17 ft. 6 ins.), dining room, morning room, study, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

MANY BUILT-IN WARDROBES.

CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.



CO.'S WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

GARAGE FOR 3.

NATURAL GARDENS, THEREFORE INEXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN.

KITCHEN GARDEN, GREENHOUSES MEADOWLAND (let off). IN ALL ABOUT

21 ACRES

PRICE CONSIDERABLY UNDER COST

Inspected and highly recommended by HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele.: REG. 8222.)

(C.49,432)

TO SCHOOLS, INSTITUTES AND OTHERS SEEKING A LARGE HOUSE

#### GODALMING, SURREY

In a high position with a fine view.

FOR SALE

#### A SPACIOUS STONE-BUILT HOUSE



3 large reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Co.'s water, gas and electric light. Garage. Stabling and living rooms. Gardens and grounds. Prolific kitchen garden. Paddock.

In all about

5½ ACRES

PRICE £4,200 FREEHOLD

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele.: REG. 8222.) (S.31,418)

#### LOVELY PART OF KENT

With electric service, 40 minutes to Town.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET

#### AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

The House dates back to 1530 and is in a wonderful state of preservation.

Thoroughly modernised and has Co.'s water, gas and electric light. 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Stabling. Garage.

GROUPS OF ABOUT 1½ ACRES

The House has a lovely exterior with an Elizabethan chimney of great fame.

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,000

OR WITH A FEW PIECES OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE £215 p.a.

Apply Sole Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tele.: REG. 8222.) (K.48,467)



BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19. (WIM. 0081.)

BISHOPS STORTFORD (243.)



Regent  
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# OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,  
PICCADILLY, W.1.**OXON**

In a beautiful position on high ground with really delightful views.

**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE**

Standing in well-timbered gardens and grounds. With hall, 3/4 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating. Garage and useful Outbuildings.

Lawns, Hard Tennis Court, well-stocked Fruit and Vegetable Garden, etc. In all about

**2 ACRES**

For sale at greatly reduced price, or would be let furnished.

Full details from: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,349)

**ESSEX—NEAR HERTS BORDER**

In a rural situation commanding extensive unspoilt views for many miles yet within easy daily reach of the city.

**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE**

with 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main services. Large garage.

Fine timbered, well matured gardens, quite inexpensive of upkeep.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2086)

**SHROPSHIRE**

Amidst lovely scenery, some 500 ft. above sea level, about 2½ miles from a market town.

**DELIGHTFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE SURROUNDED BY PARK-LIKE GROUNDS**

Hall, 3 reception, 14 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Central heating.

5 Cottages. Splendid Farm Buildings.

Finely timbered gardens and grounds, a small amount of woodland and enclosures of rich pasture of a parklike character. The whole is in hand and extends to

**ABOUT 230 ACRES**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,333)

**HANTS**

In an unspoilt village in the favoured Basingstoke district.

**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE**

with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electric light

Stabling. Garage.

Inexpensive grounds, large productive kitchen garden, capital paddock, etc.

**ABOUT 3 ACRES**

Full particulars from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2198)

**SOMERSET—DORSET BORDERS**

Over 600 ft. above sea level, commanding exceptionally fine views over undulating well-timbered country.

**STONE-BUILT JACOBAN STYLE RESIDENCE**

3 reception, music or ballroom with gallery, 10 bedrooms (all with fitted lav. basins, h. & c.), 3 bathrooms.

Electric light. Co.'s water. Central Heating.

2 Cottages. Stabling. Garage.

Charming well-timbered gardens and grounds, with hard tennis court, kitchen garden, pasture and woodland, in all

**ABOUT 30 ACRES****TO BE SOLD**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (16,775)

**SURREY (Ideal for Town)**

Occupying a fine position some 500 ft. above sea level, adjoining a Golf Course and commanding lovely views over unspoilt country.

**MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER**

Designed by well-known Architect

Hall, magnificent lounge (about 29 ft. by 19 ft.), dining room, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom.

Co.'s water, gas, etc. Main electricity available.

Garage and useful Outbuildings

Charming gardens, well-timbered and including tennis lawn, in all about two-thirds of an Acre

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (M.2293)



## JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER ST., LONDON, W.1,

MAYFAIR 3316/7.

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON. LEEDS AND YEOVIL.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE****THE DEAN AND CHAPTER FARM, CODRINGTON****GENTLEMAN'S PERFECTLY CHARACTERED FARMHOUSE**

Superbly modernised and having 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, labour-saving domestic offices. Own electricity. Central heating. Main water.

**FIRST-CLASS FARM BUILDINGS. TWO NEW COTTAGES**

Approximately 135 ACRES of rich and well-watered pasture and productive arable land.



Messrs. JACKSON STOPS have been favoured with instructions to offer the PROPERTY FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold by Private Treaty) at the OLD COUNCIL CHAMBERS, CIRENCESTER, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1942, at 3 p.m.

Particulars of the Solicitors: Messrs. KENNEDY PONSONBY & CO., 52, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2; or of the Auctioneers, Cirencester. (Tel. 334.)

**XVth CENTURY RESIDENCE**

3 miles Fleet.

**THE CHARMING COTTAGE-RESIDENCE**

Standing on high ground.

Known as

**"DENBURY," CROOKHAM**

With 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (4 with basins), 2 bathrooms. Main electric light and water. Garage. Charming grounds, garden and pasture.

**4½ ACRES**

PRICE £3,500 FREEHOLD

Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS AND STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1. (Tele.: Mayfair 3316/7.)

**WEST SUSSEX**

3 miles Pulborough. 500 ft. above sea level.

**BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED XIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE**

with 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Central heating.

Electric light.

Garage for 4 cars.

Outbuildings.

Well-timbered grounds with bathing pool, terraced lawns, kitchen garden.

In all about

**5 ACRES**

PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Particulars from: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1.

(Tele.: May. 3316/7.)

(Fo. 8477)

**HAMPSHIRE**

Near Basingstoke. 10 minutes Station.

**DELIGHTFUL QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE**

with lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom

Central heating.

All main services.

Garage for 2 cars. Stabling.

Hard tennis court. Old-world

Kate Greenaway garden.

Kitchen garden. Orchard. In all about

**1 ACRE**

PRICE £3,800 FREEHOLD

Particulars: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1. (Tele.: Mayfair 3316.)

(Fo. 8434)

## TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861.

Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London."

**WORCESTER****4 MILES**

In pretty village with bus service.

**FOR SALE, CHARMING OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE.** Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, dressing room. Main electric light. Telephone. Main drainage. Garage for 2. Stables for 3. Outbuildings. MOST ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS. Excellent kitchen garden, fruit wall, orchard, etc. 3 ACRES. Inspected and highly recommended by Sole Agents: TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (14,865)

**HENLEY-ON-THAMES. HIGH GROUND. EXTENSIVE VIEWS**

Under 1 mile station and conveniences, yet secluded.

**A VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE.** Hall, 3-4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 6-7 bedrooms. Central heating. Main electricity, water and gas. Hard tennis court. CHARMING GROUNDS. HARD TENNIS COURT. Kitchen and fruit gardens. Garage. Stores, etc. About 2 ACRES. Inspected and highly recommended by: TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,237)

## BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

184, BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.3. KEN. 0152-3

**IN LOVELY COUNTRY NEAR SUDBURY, SUFFOLK**

**BEAUTIFUL SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE, of DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER AND CHARM.** Queen Anne panelling and fireplaces, etc. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light. Excellent water supply. Modern drainage. Garage. Stabling. All in excellent order. Nice old gardens and 7 ACRES.

**A REALLY CHARMING PLACE. ONLY £2,750.**

Ref. 15,245.

23, MOUNT ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

## WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor  
1441.

### BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND DORKING

400 ft. up on sandy soil, near Holbury St. Mary. Beautiful views.



**LOVELY XVth CENTURY HOUSE**, carefully restored and in first-rate order. 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 reception, and a beautiful music room. Main electricity and water. Radiators throughout. Stabling. Garage (flat over). Cottage. Lovely old-world gardens with fine swimming pool, tennis court, orchard and meadowland.

**FOR SALE WITH NEARLY 30 ACRES**

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### A VERY LOVELY PERIOD HOUSE

The subject of a special appreciation in COUNTRY LIFE.



**ON THE SUSSEX BORDER**, under an hour from London, in beautiful unspoiled surroundings. The Elizabethan House is full of character and has been restored and modernised regardless of expense. In perfect order. Main services. Central heating. 8 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception. Garage. 3 cottages. Lovely old gardens with hard court, meadowland, etc. **46 ACRES. TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, or FREEHOLD WOULD BE SOLD.**

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES  
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

REGENT 2481

### BEAUTIFUL WEST SUSSEX

hour London, picked position, buses to Horsham.



#### ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER

3 reception, 6 principal and 2 servants' bedrooms, 2 tiled bathrooms (fitted wash-basins). Central heating. Electric light. Company's water. Telephone. Double garage. Productive kitchen garden, orchards, wood and paddock.

**5 ACRES**  
**RENT £250 p.a.**  
Gardener available.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tele.: Regent 2481.

### WALTON HEATH, SURREY

18 miles London. Delightfully situated on the heath and near the golf course.

#### AN ELEGANTLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTIVE MODERN ARCHITECTURE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms (some with fitted basins), 2 dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Garage. Double cottage. Hard tennis court. Very attractive grounds of **3½ ACRES**. Adjoining paddock available if required. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tele.: Regent 2481.

### EPSOM DOWNS, SURREY

4 minutes from station on Southern Electric. 2 miles from Epsom Town. High situation with extensive views.

#### CHARMING SMALL MODERN HOUSE, BUILT 1924

In perfect repair. 3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Partial central heating. Basins in 2 bedrooms. All main services. Garage. An attractive well-stocked garden about **¼ ACRE**. **ASKING £3,300 FOR THE FREEHOLD.** (But near offer considered)

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1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

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**CORNWALL, NORTH.** 5 bed-roomed House situated in secluded valley. 2 Acres of garden. All modern conveniences. Freehold £5,000.—St. Adwen, St. Neotans Valley, Tintagel.

**DEVON.** Charming Detached Residence, with 4 Acres land. 6 beds, 2 baths, 3 reception, kitchen. Main services. Wonderful garden, ornamental lily ponds, rustic bridge. Orchard. Paddock. £4,500.—E. HAYNE, Johnson's Place, Exmouth.

**FOREST HILL, S.E.23.** Charming, modern, easily run House, standing in own grounds of ¼ Acre, at healthy altitude. South aspect. Rural and secluded. Surrounded by trees, cannot be overlooked. 3 large reception, 5 bedrooms. All modern amenities. Architect built. Delightful, well-stocked garden. Price £3,000.—Box 144.

**HERTS.** EARLY VACANT POSSESSION, of well-planned DETACHED HOUSE with sunny, lofty rooms in quiet, select part of HARPENDEN. 6 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms, cloak and good offices. GARAGE AND WALLED GARDEN. PRICE £2,850. Apply—SALVESSEN, Agents, Harpenden (Tele. 625).

**OXON.** HEYTHROP. 323 Acres. Good House. 4 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath. Garage. Stabling. Convenient buildings. 2 Estate Cottages. Beautiful position. Sale Possession.—WISE, Cropredy, Banbury.

**TOTTERIDGE** (near). ARCHITECTURAL GEM IN SYLVAN SETTING. Labour-saving, detached, perfectly appointed, architect-designed Residence, few minutes Tube, buses, short walk Totteridge Common. 4 bedrooms (lavatory basins and balcony), studio, luxuriously appointed bathroom, oak-paneled hall, and cloak room, fitted h. & c., 2 reception rooms, large kitchen, "Ideal" boiler, &c. E.I. and power. Oak strip flooring. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. Terraced, old-world garden. Believed most sheltered and beautiful avenue North London. Must be sold. Offers wanted on £2,500 Freehold.—BATTY & STEVENS, 320, Regent's Park Road, Finsley, N.3. FIN. 2288.

### TO LET

**CLIFTON-ON-TEME.** Modern Residence. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water. Electricity. Telephone. Central heating. Garaging. Servants' quarters. 4 Acres. To Let Furnished from September.—JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 7, Newhall Street, Birmingham, 3.

**DUMFRIESSHIRE.** Comfortable up-to-date Cottage to let. Suit 2 persons—ex-officer, artist. 3 rooms, kitchenette, bathroom. Garden. Adjoining high road. Shooting, fishing, golf available. Rent £35. Apply—MURRAYTHWAITE, Ecclefechan (Tele.: Carrutherstown 205).

### FLATS AND CHAMBERS

**ASCOT.** Furnished Flat. 2 bed, sitting, kitchen, bath. Delightful grounds. From 3½ gns.—CLEE, Irwinleigh, Ascot.

**LONDON.** Best value in MODERN WEST END FLATS. Attractive short, war-time agreements. Modern fitted kitchens. Air-raid shelters, resident wardens. Steel-frame or reinforced concrete construction. 2 Underground Stations within 1 minute. RENTS FROM £175 TO £500.

**PRINCESS COURT, QUEEN'S COURT, QUEENSWAY, HYDE PARK, W.2.** Full details from the LETTING OFFICE, 61, QUEENSWAY, W.2. BAYS. 1818.

**LONDON.** Furnished, Unfurnished Flats. 2 rooms, bath. Telephone. Central heating. Modern steel and concrete building. Shelter. From 5 gns. p.w.—AIRWAYS MANS., Charles II Street, Haymarket (Whitehall 3362)

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**SOUTH or SOUTH-WEST.** Within 100 miles London. WANTED privately. Agricultural Property. One or more farms considered, but at least one with Vacant Possession. Small thoroughly up-to-date House. Acreage between 250 and 800. Price not exceeding £20 per Acre.—Box 141.

**SUSSEX (WEST) or SURREY.** Farm, in good heart, wanted to buy or rent. 200-400 Acres, with house suitable for gentleman's residence. All conveniences. Good stabling.—Box 127.

### WANTED

**GERRARDS CROSS,** Beaconsfield Area. Farm Land required. Approx. 100 to 200 Acres, with small Modern Farmhouse. Please communicate with—MR. MAURAY, 41, Queen Street, Maidenhead.

**SOUTH or SOUTH-WEST,** not more than 50 miles from London, in hilly, wooded district. Wanted. Large House with not less than 10 Acres Freehold, suitable for use as Country Club, with main road frontage. Write—BCM/DYNN, London, W.C.1.

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**A DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD**  
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VERY AMPLE BUILDINGS.

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Contains: Lounge hall, oak-beamed galleried Tudor hall (48 ft. by 22 ft.) (would make 2 reception rooms), ground floor cloakrooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. All main services. Standing well back from the road. Grounds about

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GARAGE FOR 2 CARS

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Solicitor: OSCAR H. WHITTINGHAM, Esq., Southbourne  
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ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1942,  
 AT THE  
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*By order of the Executors of the late Mrs. Clara Manchester.  
 Of interest to Investors and others.*

Lot 1—The Detached Property  
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Arranged as 17 FLATLETS and let on Lease for a term of  
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FOUR OF THE FLATS are let on either Leases or  
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 AT THE

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Fine Valuable Freehold Building Sites  
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With possession March, 1943.

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WITH GOOD HOUSE RECENTLY BROUGHT  
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Ample Buildings.

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INCLUDING 25 ACRES ARABLE.

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### WELL-CONSTRUCTED SMALL MODERN RESIDENCE

in beautiful condition throughout.

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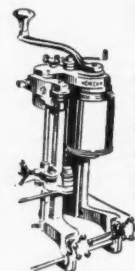
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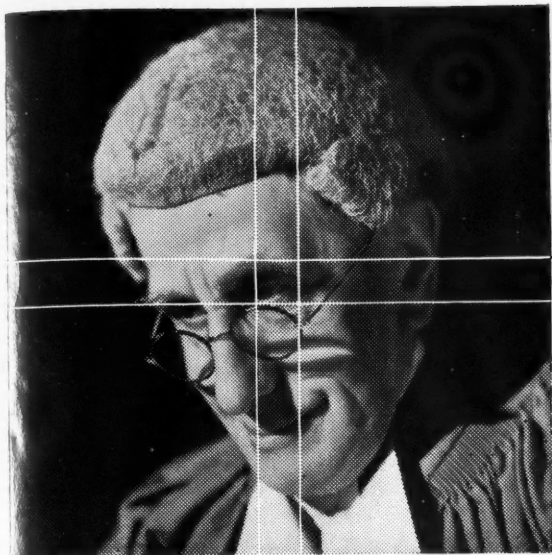
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## Guilty or not guilty?

Do you smoke every pipeful right down to the last shred and knock out only dust and ashes? Or do you sometimes throw away a dottle of unsmoked tobacco? Then read these hints on

### 'How to make your tobacco last longer'

- 1 Keep your tobacco in good condition. If it gets too dry, put a small piece of damp blotting paper in pouch or tin.
- 2 Fill from the bottom of your pouch. Pack evenly and firmly but not tightly enough to stop an easy draw.
- 3 An occasional *outward* draught through the pipe keeps it alight, if it shows signs of going out.
- 4 A small piece of clean paper (a cigarette paper for choice), crumpled into a loose ball and put into the bottom of the bowl before filling, will prevent waste, and stop bits of tobacco entering the stem.



# guard against blight in the clamps

Potatoes stored in clamps are a vital part of the national food reserve. If you lift tubers while blight is on the haulm you run the risk of them rotting in the clamps. You can stop this by taking care at lifting time.

## you can

**BURN OFF WITH ACID OR CUT OFF THE TOPS 10 DAYS BEFORE YOU LIFT** On large fields contract spraying with sulphuric acid is best. On small fields and allotments, tops can be cut by hand.

**OR**

**DELAY LIFTING UNTIL THE TOPS HAVE BEEN QUITE DEAD FOR 10 DAYS** This is the easiest way to keep blight out of the clamps. But it is not recommended if there is danger from wireworms, slugs or frost, or if the weather is likely to be bad for lifting.

**OR**

**LIFT ONLY ON FINE DAYS WHEN THE TUBERS WILL DRY QUICKLY** If a crop with blight on the haulm must be lifted before the tops are all dead, wait for good weather. Blight infects wet tubers easily.

**Clamp sound tubers only. Collect all blighted potatoes from the field and near the clamp. Boil these at once for stock feeding or for silage.**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

let's see...

Edison SWAN Lamps

Advertisement of

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.  
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*The Cambridge Crew of 1910 with a Daimler Car.*

Daimlers both—and though to our eyes the relationship of the 1939 model to the car of 1910 seems very much that of the swan to the ugly duckling, in fact both were leaders in the motor world of their day.

Decisive contributions to motoring development were also made by Lanchester and B.S.A.; while to millions of cyclists and motor-cyclists B.S.A. is the standard for perfection and value.

Three worthy associates indeed—and a threefold promise to the post-war world.

**Daimler**

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**LANCHESTER**



*A 1939 Daimler Straight Eight Touring Limousine.*

*Birmingham Small Arms Co. Ltd., England*

# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCII. No. 2381

SEPTEMBER 4, 1942



*Harlip*

## MISS PENELOPE FORBES

Younger daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Donald Forbes and of the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, and a niece of the Earl of Granard and great-niece of Viscount Mountgarret.

She is now working at the Foreign Office.

## COUNTRY LIFE

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The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere abroad 2d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## THE PRICE OF A PHENIX

IT is remarkable that, in the midst of war, discussion should be so widespread on such topics as the social and aesthetic aspects of planning. Probably Britain is the only country in Europe where civilisation retains the vitality, and the faith, so to look forward upon things to come other than in terms of economics or production. There is indeed a danger of these fundamental factors being overlooked. We see so clearly what we desire that there is great temptation to half-close our eyes to the baffling problem of how we are to get it. Two current discussions illustrate this duality of outlook. Sir Edwin Lutyens, evidently inspired by the recent articles on Farnham in COUNTRY LIFE, has called for a move to safeguard the character of country towns before distribution of industry finally destroys it—an admirable and necessary object; to which Mr. John Griffin points out that the gradual deterioration of property in country towns is very often due to its being owned by retired tradesmen or artisans as an investment to provide for their retirement in old age but without a sinking-fund set aside for the repair of the property. Remedial measures, whether preservation societies or architectural advice, cannot fully succeed until this financial poser is answered.

Discussing the urgent demand that there will be for houses after the war, Mr. Alfred Bosson draws attention to the possibilities of pre-fabrication for speed and economy. But on the social and aesthetic side Mr. Oswald Milne believes "that a resort to such methods will be the negation of the finer civilisation that is envisaged. The deplorably dreary aspect of whole sections of our towns, and the spoliation of the countryside arises from hurried, unimaginative, inept, and ill-constructed building. A fine civilisation must have a background of goodly towns and villages." Nobody questions the need for pre-fabricated and standardising fittings and their fixings as a means of saving time and costs, but entire pre-fabricated houses seem at present likely to create as many problems as they would solve. Their erection for strictly temporary occupation, until proper houses are built, is, of course, another matter. But, apart from such qualifications, here is the same difficulty arising at the outset of another discussion on the future: the conflict between the ultimately desirable and the immediately practicable: between ways and means. Lord Keynes hints mysteriously that the problem of reconstruction is one not of finding the money but of finding the men and materials. Many would wish to be convinced of this. The vital question "Who is to pay for reconstruction?" obviously calls for ventilation and enlightened leadership. We hope that the forthcoming Uthwatt Report will prove illuminating on this problem.

## THE DUKE OF KENT

THE tragic death on active service of the Duke of Kent, one of the ablest and most popular sons of a British sovereign at any time, underlines the truth, of which the King and Queen have proved themselves the outstanding examples, that the Royal Family share every hazard of war with their people. The Prince had won the respect as well as the affection of all classes by the scope of his interests. In this place it is fitting to recall his genuine love of the arts, to which he rendered no small services, and in which, as a musician, he actively participated. Some 10 years ago he gave valuable support to the movement towards improved industrial design, and in 1933 opened the COUNTRY LIFE Exhibition of Industrial Art in Relation to the Home with an apt and stimulating speech. He shared, with his brothers, a keen love of country life, which found an opening when he inherited The Coppins, Iwer, from Princess Louise. To the Duchess the profound sympathy of all has gone out, more especially in that her brief period of happiness should have been thus terminated at a time when war has brought her so many other intimate sorrows.

## THE CANALETTO OF BRAZIL

MR. J. DE SOUSA-LEAO, Chargé d'Affaires at the Brazilian Embassy in London, is also an authority on art relating to his country. He contributed to a recent number of *The Burlington Magazine* an account of the remarkable landscapes of Brazil painted exactly 300 years ago by the Dutch artist Frans Post—the very first landscape studies in the New World by a recognised European master. Post came to be there owing to an almost forgotten incident of history: the expedition under Prince Maurice of Nassau to safeguard the Dutch West India Company's interests in Brazil when Portugal, from 1580 to 1640, was under the Spanish Crown and thus at war with Holland. Prince Maurice took with him a complete scientific expedition including several artists. Albert Eckhout's studies of natives and animals were incorporated into the gorgeous Gobelins tapestries known as *Anciennes et Nouvelles Indes*; Frans Post's landscapes, of plantation scenery and "Wild West" settlements, painted in a manner forestalling Canaletto by a century, have found their way to private and public collections all over the world, including H.M. the King's and the Earl of Harewood's. They are, as Mr. de Sousa-Leao notes, "of a disconcerting realism and simplicity for a painter of that epoch, their complete absence of any conventionalism making them akin to modern work"—as can be seen in the example reproduced on the opposite page.

## PRISONER OF WAR

FOR him the guns are silent and the tools  
Of war dropped from his hands. Cold are  
the fires  
Of high endeavour, and his heart is hungry  
Within the prisoned wilderness. The torch  
Is carried now by other hands, while he  
In aching impotence beholds its light  
Move to and fro across the battlefields  
Of desert, sea and jungle. Beauty is dead,  
And the fair ways of life are lost. His sense  
Is starved of all its gentle food. There are  
No birds to sing to him, no flowers to pierce  
The deep, barbaric squalor of his days.  
But faith whets keen his spirit's blade against  
The day the torch goes home, when mind and arm  
Are free to work, and heart to live, again.

D. R. OAKLEY HILL (Ofag VI B).

## CANNED PERCH

IT is not often that disinterested scientific enquiry leads direct to a net return on capital expenditure of 69 per cent. Yet that is what has happened in the case of the Windermere perch. Ten years ago a member of the staff of the Freshwater Biological Association of the Empire, in the course of investigating the habits of perch, evolved a type of trap suitable for large-scale use in catching perch by the ton with the expenditure of remarkably

little labour. In the spring of last year they set their Windermere fishery in operation and in less than eight weeks landed more than a million perch. The fish were processed and canned at Leeds, and the results showed that there would be no difficulty in marketing as much canned perch as could be produced from British waters. The Ministry of Fisheries thereupon decided to carry the good work to other lakes, and this season six times as many traps have been used as in 1941, and the possibilities of expanding the industry in Scotland and other parts of the country are now being explored. Another practical application of science to food production is described in the Association's tenth Annual Report, which describes how migrating eels can be induced, by the use of artificial light, to alter their course from side to side of their run and thus be deflected into the traps.

## TRAIN MANNERS

IN so far as politeness consists of consideration for others the war has generally made for more rather than less of it. It has taught us that unselfishness consists largely, in Emerson's words, of making a number of "petty sacrifices," and we make them with a tolerable good grace. But letters to various newspapers have lately suggested that our train manners are not perfect. The smoker who was once kept rigidly within bounds has waxed arrogant with the greater licence allowed him. He can indulge anywhere but in a non-smoking carriage, and yet when he gets into one he is apt to blackmail the other occupants by asking: "Do you mind my smoking?" He asks the question, moreover, in a tone demanding but one reply. If he talked in the language of the Latin grammar he would preface his question with "Num," expecting the answer "No." Another complaint is against those in first-class carriages. Those who take first-class tickets have often a legitimate grievance in that their seats are occupied by third-class ticket-holders. Yet when they have a seat they are rather grudging in making room for others. Admittedly three aside spells comfort and four aside discomfort. The man with a seat cannot be like the good Samaritan with an umbrella who summons two friends and so remains dry in the middle while they both get wet. Nevertheless, to offer to make room for one standing wearily in the corridor is a piece of ordinary decent manners that should be made without a request.

## SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER'S proudest boast, in present circumstances, may well be that it sees at once the last of this year's wheat carted, and the first of next year's already sprouting green from the tilth. The raw material of the staff of life dwarfs all other harvests, and we now remember only vaguely and amusedly that September was once the month of queer crops: then was garnered the tobacco which the late A. J. Brandon grew so pertinaciously at Church Crookham, then were dug the liquorice roots which Spanish monks brought to Pontefract 500 years before, then was collected the spiders' silk which is still used for various purposes. How full of joy and delight are the memories and proper associations of September in the country! The sound of the hunting horn long before breakfast on a misty morning when the young rabbits seem as tame as wrens. . . . Mushrooms to be sought in fields silver with gossamer and dew—and perhaps to be enjoyed with a brace of partridges. . . . Damsons to be picked, and the first apples and pears truly worthy of a place on the dessert dish. (Well indeed did the makers of the French Revolutionary calendar name the period August 18-September 16 *Fruitidor*.) About the procession of September—so sure of its riches—there is a certain stateliness, as though to show that the year at least knows how to grow old gracefully. Soon the sun will gather to twitter on telephone wires before they follow the swifts, and the first splashes of lemon-gold will lighten the verdure of the tall elms, while the Red Admirals and Peacocks will pass lazily from the Michaelmas daisies to feast on any damaged fruit left to rot beneath the Keswick Codlin and Worcester Pearmain trees.



# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

An unfortunate lady has recently had a most distressing accident when fishing for salmon on a local river. While she was casting a long line on a windy day the fly whipped downwards on a sudden gust and pierced one of her eyeballs, the hook driving in with great force well beyond the base. The most painful part of the unhappy occurrence was the walk back up the river's bank to the car and the long drive afterwards in search of a surgeon to extract the hook and, incidentally, the anxious wait while the wound was healing before it could be decided if there was any sight left in the damaged eye.

Most salmon-fishers during their fishing lives have experienced narrow squeaks on those occasions when an obstruction or an unexpected gust of wind has driven the fly downwards, and once, when rowing home in the evening on a big Irish lough, I picked up in response to a signal of distress another angler who had the hook of his fly right through his upper lip. This, of course, was a mere fleabite compared with an accident to an eye, but nevertheless my chance acquaintance had a very bad time, as the only doctor in the village, when located, was almost too drunk to stand, and far too drunk to carry out a delicate operation like the extraction of a hook with any skill.

\* \* \*

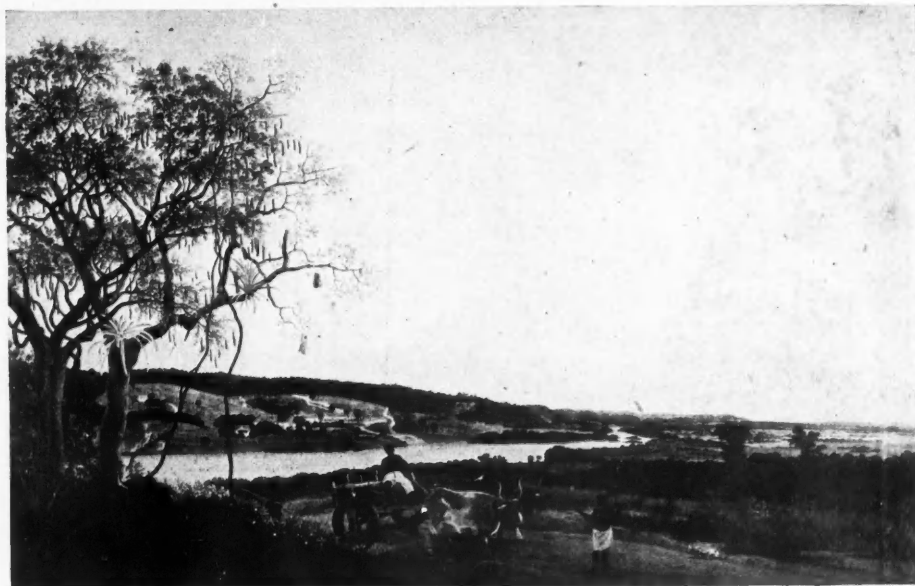
FISHERMEN are always credited with telling very strange stories. The strangest I know concerns a human bait, but I do not vouch for its truth, as it was related to me by an Arab boatman, who was one of the most fluent and convincing liars on the Arabian coast. We were fishing for barracouta in the Gulf of Akaba and I was endeavouring to find out if there were any big man-eating sharks in the land-locked stretch of water.

"There was one very big shark, *ya Bey*," he said, looking at me with earnest brown eyes. "He used to come up here on *muoor* (inspection) every three months and then go back to the Red Sea. One day when a dhow from Jeddah was lying in the harbour a man from the crew dived overboard for a swim. The shark seized him, bit off the lower part of his body and ate it. Wallahi, the captain of the dhow, was most annoyed, for the dead man was the best one he had in the crew, and also he was very fond of him. So he got the other half of the man out of the water, baited a big hook with it, and caught the shark. *El hamdulillah*, there was been no big shark here since."

\* \* \*

I HAVE told stories of the impact of bulls on fishermen so often that I hesitate to relate another, but it would seem to be my fate to share a fishing boat with the male of the bovine species. Last week, just as the evening rise began after a most uneventful day, the farmer drove his cows into the water meadow after milk. They surged through the long rich grass in columns of red, white and black, the leader of the herd making for the actual bank. However, and as this was the only part of the field in which I was interested, I was loath to under my position.

They were rising so well that I dared not take my eyes off the water for a moment, and, as the animal and I advanced up the bank, shouldering each other backwards



A BRAZILIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTED 300 YEARS AGO BY FRANS POST.  
IT IS NOW IN THE LOUVRE.

(See note "The Canaletto of Brazil" on page 450)

at every step like two peevish City men disputing a position in a bus queue. This continued for some 50 yards and, as I was giving away a lot of weight, I had the worst of every contact, my casting suffering in consequence, but I do not think my opponent misused a single munch. Then suddenly I remembered a Dorset custom of running the bull with the cows on all occasions, and thought I had better locate his lordship in the herd before a situation developed. There were some thirty beasts in the field, but I could not detect him among them, and I had come to the conclusion that the bull must be an absentee that evening when a snort, which sounded like an apologetic cough, caused me to examine the animal against whose solid withers I was leaning.

In a recent article in COUNTRY LIFE, Mr. Wentworth Day told us how Ted Allen, a genius of the Essex marshes, deals with an angry bull, and I made a mental note of the tactics to employ, but I regret to say I remembered the details only when it was too late and I was on the safe side of the hedge a hundred yards away.

\* \* \*

MY attention has been called by a correspondent to an oversight in my Notes of July 24 where I stated that less trouble was taken by farmers to exterminate rats when threshing was in progress than was the case formerly. Inadvertently, and incorrectly, I used the word "to-day," when I was thinking of the two decades between 1919 and 1939, when everything was allowed to drift—farming in particular. I did not intend to refer to these actual war-times when the Ministry of Agriculture has taken the most effective steps to control the rat evacuation of ricks, so that not only are the refugees from the stack provided for, but those which "stay put" in the faggot foundations as well. Failure to comply with this war order is regarded as a serious offence, and recently three Lincolnshire farmers were fined £170 for neglecting to surround a barley stack with suitable fencing material while threshing was taking place.

I do not know if there is any crank society which interests itself in the well-being of rats, but considering the amount of cloud-cuckoo talk there is at all times about most of the pests which plague the farmer, I should not be surprised to hear that something of this nature exists. If so, they might query the distance at which the rat barrier is to be erected round the stack. This is six feet only, and it might be argued that this is contrary to our sporting ideas, as it does not allow a rat a fair run for his money.

The great majority of stacks are threshed so soon after the harvest to-day that the rats

have usually little time in which to establish themselves within and do much damage.

\* \* \*

A FAR more serious plague at the present time is the sparrow, and in this part of the world not a cornfield escaped their attentions, with belts of empty ears around the hedgerows as proof of their depredations. The loss of corn in the stooks, too, will be very considerable.

A local farmer who has suffered severely, and is still suffering, told me that the boys' sparrow club in his area had been dissolved through pressure from one of the bird protection societies, but personally I have not heard of any of these bodies actively interfering in the destruction of sparrows and their nests. There is, of course, a small risk when eggs are collected by boys that other and useful birds suffer also, but as we all know, one cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and a properly managed club should be able to prevent this, as the sparrow's egg is most distinctive. Moreover, the sparrow nests always in a thatched house or barn, or in some convenient hawthorn tree around the farmstead, where he is in a suitable position to raid the pig troughs and chicken runs when not engaged in destroying the harvest.

The sparrow club is unfortunately only partially effective, as the damage to crops is not caused solely by the local farm sparrows, but also by the town and suburban birds which at this time of the year take their summer holidays in the cornfields, where there are no rationing difficulties, and no coupons and no points to worry them.

\* \* \*

THE sparrow is a full 100 per cent. pest and, whether he is met with in a London suburb or an outlying farmstead, he should be destroyed, for all his deeds are evil, but because certain vociferous bird-lovers have seen at some period of their lives a sparrow with a caterpillar in his beak, they labour under the delusion that he pulls his weight and that his good work compensates for his rascality. If these fanatics could see, as I do every day, a cloud of sparrows creating havoc in the nation's food supplies, while alongside are rows of winter greens reduced to skeletons by the larvae of the cabbage white, they might revise their opinions as to whether the bird is vegetarian in its tastes or carnivorous. My experience of the sparrow, spread over 50 years in this land and abroad, is that he will never do the human race a good turn if there is the slightest chance of a bad one. In my garden in Egypt, when there was nothing left for them to do in the vegetable garden owing to their depredations they would deliberately tear the canna flowers to shreds in the morning and spend the afternoon raiding the beehives.

# RISE AND FALL OF COUNTRY BANKS

By A. R. CHORLTON

**A**MONG the picturesque and special features of country and provincial life which have passed away, in all probability never to be revived, was the country bank in the market towns. It was only, however, in the years following the last war that the long series of mergers and incorporations of these private enterprises by the Big Five came to an end.

The heyday of the country bank can be set in the hundred years between 1770 and 1870; for the main part of this period they occupied a definite and accepted place in the currency system and performed an indispensable function. To the Provinces, London, the seat of trade, was a world apart. The country estate and the sleepy market town were largely self-contained. The manufacturer, anxious to profit from boom conditions, needed the services of a banker to advance him the necessary capital and discount his bills. The squire, the tradesman and the farmer needed someone to hold his spare cash.

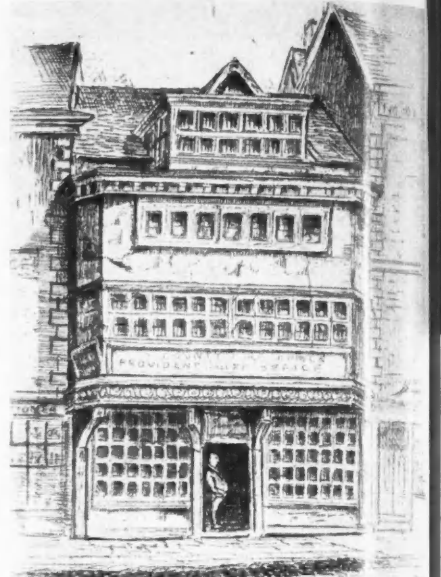
Usually the beginnings of a country bank were in the counting-house or back room of some prosperous tradesman who was willing and enterprising enough to oblige his customers by performing banking functions. But it was not long before the operations of banking outweighed those of local trade, and the grocer or miller became banker pure and simple. Millers, indeed, frequently became bankers, and Hudson, the railway king, started his career as

a draper. Country bankers, merchants originally, like Mortlock at Cambridge, and Hulkes of Rochester, sat in the House of Commons. Thomas Gillett, founder of what became the Banbury and Oxford Bank, was a plush manufacturer. Fletcher and Parsons, of the Old Oxford Bank, started business as mercers. Pease, who established a private bank at Hull, was in business as a linseed crusher.

Legislation favoured the individual or a small group of persons conducting a banking enterprise, for the Bank of England Act of 1708 prevented any other bank with more than six partners from issuing bank notes.

At the same time, anyone was free to set up as a private banker. The fundamental insecurity of a monetary system broadly based on private enterprise of this kind can readily be seen. Consequently the periodic scares which ran through the country for one reason or another—for instance, the Gordon Riots and the Peterloo Massacre—in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century before the Acts of 1826 and 1833, resulted in many failures. Out would come the sign, "Messrs. X deeply regret the necessity of suspending their payments," and once more a minor host of depositors would be faced with ruin.

The science of banking was in its infancy. It was a period of experiment and therefore of failure. There was an absence of established rule and practice to guide the individual



Gloucester Old Bank.

**A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING OF THE OLD BANK AT GLOUCESTER**  
The proprietor lived in the upper storeys



DAVID JONES'S BANK PREMISES AT LLANDOVERY, CARMARTHENSHIRE—NOW LLOYDS BANK



A PICTURESQUE COUNTRY BANK OF THE PRESENT DAY—AT ODIHAM, HAMPSHIRE

banker. At the same time, there was every encouragement to speculate beyond the scope of their realisable assets. Gold backing was limited, since the Comstock lode in California and the mines of Australia had not yet yielded their treasures. The banker was the actual possessor of the funds forming the capital of the enterprise. In all probability his stock of gold coin would far from cover the notes which he had out on issue. An article in the *Edinburgh Review* stated that the note circulation of the country banks in 1820 was about £20,000,000.

In the long, quiet years of prosperity that was all very well. Their customers knew and trusted the country banker, and the banker in turn knew his customers. But when a rumour of trouble spread through the Provinces like a match set to dry tinder, a rush of depositors claiming the tangible security of gold was let loose. Many were the expedients to which the country banker had to have recourse.

There is a picture of this in *John Halifax, Gentleman*. There is a run on the Tewkesbury Bank. A clerk is sent off post haste for funds, while the partners adopt every artifice to soothe the anxieties of the crowd against his return. Can they hold out? The press grows larger. They do and the day is saved.

Many were not so fortunate. Black Fridays were constantly occurring. In 1793 nearly 100 banks stopped payment; in 1825 63. But the dangers of the system had at last been discerned. The Act of 1826 sounded the death-knell of the small country bank in its original form and the golden age of the private banker was drawing to a close.

In 1797 there were 353 banks. In January, 1811, the number had increased to 649 and in 1815 to 700. Adam Smith considered the number excessive, and it probably was. Unbridled competition was the order of the day, in which banker and industrialist marched hand in hand, instead of the former exerting salutary control over the rashness and hottheadedness of the latter.

These private banks were conducted on the highly individual lines which characterised the majority of enterprises during this period. By the resource and judgment of the individual the business flourished or declined. The relationship between banker and client partook of the nature of family solicitor and friend. The banker had an intimate knowledge of his customer, and the latter felt that here was a friend to whom he could turn in time of trouble—very different from the official atmosphere, the griled partitions and the glazing of the branch bank to-day. The country areas frequently lost by his passing a shrewd, kindly, courteous man of business.

Many of these bankers understandably acquired positions of influence in their localities. The control of credit in the Provinces was largely in their hands. They were in a position to make themselves obliging to the older county society by timely loans and advances, and with the accumulated profit of their industrial speculations they purchased country seats or engaged an architect to construct a mansion on their behalf. They set up as squires, purchased horses and rode to hounds; they could be numbered in the field with the Duke of Beaufort and Sir Bellingham Graham. Their position of influence made





By courtesy of Lloyds Bank

#### A SHEEP WITH THE IMPRINT OF A SHEEP ISSUED IN 1813 AT ABERYSTWYTH

Only the £1 notes were printed with a sheep; lambs appeared on 10s. notes

them acceptable where they might otherwise have been considered parve, although it is evident that some were viewed in this light. Cobbett in *Rural Rides* for November 23, 1821, records: "Hard by Whitechurch is a pretty park and house belonging to Squire Portal, the paper-maker. The country people who seldom want for sarcastic shrewdness, call it 'Rag Hall.'" "The squires of Change Alley" were descending upon the country from their fastnesses in Lombard Street at the same time.

Gradually, however, they acquired a settled position and began, as men of leisure, to embark on the long years of active and fruitful participation in the management and direction of county affairs through the bench and the council chamber which has continued to this day.

In consideration of the note issue of these banks, two points engage the attention. The Bank of England confined its activities to the



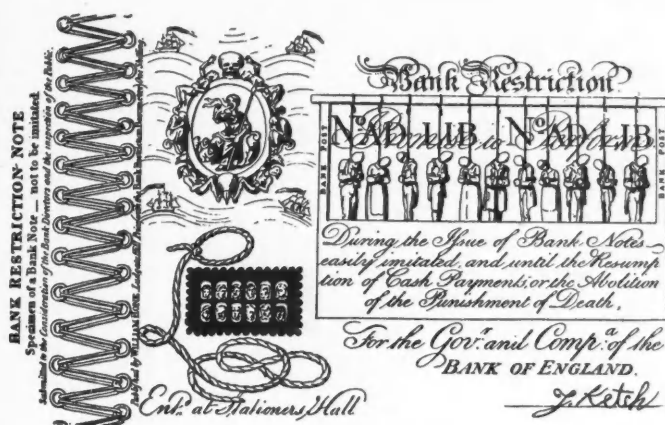
THE WEST SURREY BANK AT FARNHAM, ABOUT 1860  
Note the lamp-standard surmounted by a crown

Metropolitan area, within which the sole control of the note issue was in its hands. Although the Bank's notes circulated in the Provinces, it was those of the country banks outside a 65-mile radius from London that constituted the principal medium of exchange. The second is that paper was not legal tender until after the Act of 1833. The country people regarded the Bank of England as a remote institution, without the personal quality of the country bank in the locality, so that it is not surprising to see that Bank of England notes were held in poor regard by them, or even refused because of their unfamiliarity. Thomas Coplin, a student of banking at the time, states that none in northern counties would take Bank of England notes if he could help it.

The note circulation of the country bank expanded in relation to the public's view of its stability and sound management. Areas of circulation were in no way defined. Each banker was virtually in competition with his neighbour.

Some were established in the interests of a particular trade. There were set up by the Welsh cattle traders at the end of the eighteenth century. David Jones formed the Bank of the Black Ox, so-called from the ox-head on its notes, at Llandovery in 1799. It maintained a separate existence until absorbed by Lloyds in 1909. There was the Bank of the Black Sheep at Aberystwith, each sheep on its note representing £1, each lamb 10s. There were the banks established around Manchester to assist the development proposals of the cotton merchants.

These were, of course, far simpler in character than those of



#### A CARICATURE BANK-NOTE BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, WITH SIGNATURE J. KETCH

The representation of hangings refers to the executions of note forgers

to-day. The general style was somewhat akin to the £5 note both in respect of printing and paper. The denominations were various. By an Act of 1775 the lowest denomination was set at £1. After 1808 all note-issuing banks had to obtain a licence for the purpose. Prior to 1775 such notes as circulated were in the main of high denomination: £40 was not unusual. With the expansion of trade towards the end of the century and the existence of the pound note, the country was flooded with paper. There was a good deal of forgery, which continued until, by the Act of 1826, the lowest denomination was raised to £5. Cobbett records coming across a note for 7s. in 1813, and Henty, Henty and Hopkins, of the Worthing Bank, were issuing a £2 note in the 1820's. In 1829 an £8 note was circulating from Carmarthen.

Jones Loyd, the banker, in a pamphlet on the currency system, advocated the introduction of the 30s. note since it would favour a more widespread circulation of gold in order to meet the demands for change. At the back of the suggestion was the alarm with which men of sober judgment viewed the condition of banking. By the efforts and encouragement of Cobbett's "country rag merchants," it had become a dangerously speculative business in which a huge fiduciary circulation rested upon a cash reserve of small dimensions. At the same time the public hangings outside Newgate of many women as well as men, convicted as confederates in forgery, and the accompanying harrowing scenes aroused the humanitarian instincts of the populace, and, led by Cruikshank, the illustrator of Dickens, they were clamouring for reform. Matters were heading for a climax. The disasters of 1825 provided the call to action.



THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL BANK AT SHREWSBURY



# BADGERS AT HOME

THE MATING SEASON CONTROVERSY: AN EXPERIENCE THAT IS PROBABLY UNIQUE

By FRANCES PITT

THE evening of August 13, 1942, was dull, dark, damp and warm, with little breeze to stir the muggy air. Spots of rain fell gently from the overcast sky and it was already getting dusk as I walked under the lea of the wood known as the Colliers Works—a map of 1639 shows it as open ground, pocked with pits, and exhibits the same name—"Ye Colliers Works"—but only faint traces can now be found of the "works"—and thence across two meadows to Caughley.

Under the trees of this 400-acre wood the light was definitely fading. It was gloomy, indeed eerie under the oaks, wych elms and ashes, and the path that dropped steeply down the near side of the central valley, a valley so precipitous that ravine is a more descriptive word, was but a vague avenue between the tall tree trunks.

A damp silence brooded over the mysterious

though probably no quicker, to climb straight up the bank. Both undergrowth and trees were thinner here, so I faced the incline. With a good deal of puffing and sundry pauses to "look at the view," I climbed upwards. It was not so gloomy here, and one could see fairly well under the trees, though now—it was 8.50 p.m. B.S.T.—the light was definitely beginning to fail.

Up and up, sometimes slipping on the hard dry bank, zig-zagging to try to avoid almost precipitous places, and still up and up. Oh! it was hot! The damp steamy atmosphere, the absence of any breeze, plus the gradient, made it a stiff ascent. Even the spaniel panted and sat down whenever he got the opportunity.

I looked up to see how much further we must climb, and nearly fell backwards down the slope in astonishment, for just above and looking down upon us was a badger! We stared and the badger stared and not one of us moved. It was a nearly full-grown young one

The badger cub stared at the two of us and we two stared back. It appeared more inquisitive and surprised than frightened. After what seemed an age, the cub turned around. Something moved behind it. There was a second badger there.

I had on rubber-soled shoes and could step quietly, so a step at a time I moved up the bank to where I should be almost on a level with the badgers and would be able to see better. Cub number one had run back along a well-defined path to a fallen tree, where it was met by two more. Beyond I could discern two other white-striped faces. The place was alive with badgers! It was now just 9 p.m. (S.T.). These last looked very big.

At this moment the first cub came trotting back, right up to me and the spaniel puppy (whom I had forgotten), at which the young dog sprang forward. Headlong down the hill went the badger and after it the spaniel, but I had a long stick in my hand and caught the puppy a sharp rap. He yelped, and with a reproachful look came back to my heels.

## THEY LINED UP AND STARED

The badgers were gone—for good, said I to myself, for there are few creatures more nervous and timid than "brock." It was extraordinary to have found them out so early. As a rule they do not emerge until it is really dark. I thought I might as well have a look round and then go home while there was sufficient light to see where I was going. But just as I was about to step forward, I saw the cub that had been chased returning and the other three coming towards me from the direction of the sett. By the fallen tree, about 4 yards away, they lined up and stared at us. I kept still, they kept still, then I saw the tail of the nearest cub fluff out, and in a moment the cub gave a grunt and bolted. They all ran but in a few moments they were back again. Never had I seen badgers so innocent and unafraid.

As I remained immovable they began to lose interest in me and turned to one another a "king of the castle" game on the fallen tree developing. They romped madly and roughly often tumbling one and another over. Sharp sounds of protest were heard now and again.

Behind the cubs, by the main entrance to the sett, the two old badgers were again to be seen. Both were bigger and had the domed heads of old badgers, due to the strong development of the sagittal crest which is a feature of the skull of the adult. It is this pronounced bony ridge which enables the badger to take any amount of punishment on the top of the head, though in the region of the nose it is vulnerable. The old male had a markedly rounded head. I noticed with interest that he was paying considerable attention to the female.

## SPRING OR AUTUMN MATING?

Naturalists have long disputed as to when the badger mates and the time the female goes with young. Some have asserted that it mates in the spring and that gestation is upwards of nine or more months, others have said that it courts in September and October, which, as the young are born in March or February gives a period of five or six months. I have always believed that the last-named is approximately correct, basing my opinion on the shrieks with which badgers so often rend the autumn nights, shrieks that I believe to be its love song.

There is not, so far as I can ascertain any positive evidence whatever. Badger cubs have been born in captivity from parents mated in the wild, sometimes after intervals so long as to suggest there may occasionally be suspension of gestation such as is normal feature in the case of the roe deer, but I have failed to find any record of anyone anywhere or at any time observing the courtship and



Arthur Brook

## MALE AND FEMALE BADGERS CAUGHT BY THE FLASHLIGHT

depths before me, and the spaniel puppy who had disliked the expedition from the start, drew so close to my heels that his nose touched my legs at every step. With tail drooping, with a timid and dejected air, he followed me as I went on down the increasingly steep path.

The stillness was broken by the hooting of an owl from somewhere ahead and below us. The "too-hoo-oo-ooo!" rang out with startling clearness and vigour. The puppy pressed still closer to my heels.

Down, down and down we went. The path had now turned sharp to the left and had become a "fly walk" along the side of the steep bank. Ferns, giant campanulas, hazel bushes and other growths prevented any view of the stream that gurgled below. In a few minutes we were at the brook side. Owing to recent dry weather there was but little water in it, a shallow current murmuring between liverwort-covered stones, broadening into small pools, and running on through a tunnel of bushes and greenery. The young spaniel and I stepped across without difficulty, to face an incline as acute as that we had just descended. My destination was at the top of the bank. A path, of sorts, took a devious route to the point I wished to reach, but it would be much shorter,

and its white-striped face was conspicuous against a bank of green nettles.

My purpose in coming to Caughley was to visit the ancient badger sett, occupied by "brock," to use the old Saxon name for the animal scientists' term *Meles meles*, for unknown generations of badgers. My acquaintance with this sett is a lengthy one dating back nearly 40 years, to a time when a fox was run to ground in it and the M.F.H. in deference to local wishes tried to get him out. Many men dug for the rest of the day, the day following and the next day, but all they did was to uncover tunnels that ran far through a layer of sand, tunnels that formed an underground labyrinth and to which there seemed no end. Terriers vanished down this passage and that, they were heard barking in the faint distance, or were lost to sound, they returned after long hours underground, weary and bearing signs of strenuous fighting, but no fox nor any badger was got out and after digging two immense trenches, the men abandoned the task.

As badgers have continued to occupy the sett, to dig in the sand and extend the tunnels, the owners alone can say what its ramifications may now be—all we can remark is that the passages must run a long way into the bank.

pairing of the badger, hence I viewed the antics of this couple, who seemed engrossed with one another, with keenest interest.

The four young ones continued to romp around. They certainly knew of the presence of the dog and me, but had ceased to regard us. Gradually they dispersed, going off separately into the undergrowth to scratch, scrape and nose about. I moved quietly forward until within 2 yards—yes, I do mean 6 ft., and as I am accustomed to estimate short distances without getting the focusing scale of a hand camera, this guess should be fairly accurate—of the two badgers, now exceedingly intent on their own affairs and actually mating under my very nose.

### BOLTED UNDERGROUND

I watched them for several minutes, until they started, looked up, saw me and with startled grunts bolted underground.

It was now practically dark and the thought of my no means easy walk home made me turn away. As I retreated, I could hear the cub nosing around and I left without disturbing them.

Perhaps they saw me go, but I could not see them, for it was now, despite the fact my eyes had got used to peering into the gloom, more a case of feeling my way than seeing it. Intimate knowledge of the way was useful, even if it was not knowledge to equal that of a local inhabitant who boasted: "Find my way through Caughley? Lor, bless you, drunk or sober, I knows every untit-tump!"

And now for a postscript. On August 16, a bright, light evening again found me heading for the Caughley Woods, but this time with the intention of arriving earlier and while it

was still daylight. It was indeed quite bright when at 8 p.m. (S.T.) I arrived at the sett. Everything was quiet, save for a jay that warned the woodland of my presence, and there was no sign of the badgers, except the well-trodden paths and bare playground adjoining the sett.

How the cubs had romped about! The ground was polished by their activities. After a careful survey I sat down on a bank, which was really the time-worn edge of the trench dug in the big dig of which I have told, and settled myself to await events—as well, that is, as the gnats, mosquitoes and other insects would allow.

At 8.15 came the first event: out stepped the biggest of the four cubs, looked around, sniffed the air, sat down as a person would in an armchair, and with hind legs outstretched before it, licked and cleaned its under-parts, sometimes flourishing its hind legs in the air in the quaintest fashion. Another cub came out and joined it. They sat up together like a couple of stout old gentlemen. Then they both scratched industriously.

### A MOCK COMBAT

Badger number one vanished into the thicket, but number two went on with its beauty treatment. The other two cubs must have emerged from some hole out of my view, for suddenly I realised all four were abroad, the second having returned from nosing around in the nettle-bed. Two had a mock combat, during which they made feints at one another and danced delightfully, being quicker and lighter in their actions than might be expected of big heavy animals.

It was yet broad daylight, and now the

old lady came forth. Two of the cubs ran to her as she sat before the earth, and played about as big puppies might about a bitch. She did not pay them much heed, but sniffed the air and turned her head in my direction. Her actions showed she had some doubt, but the cubs were without any suspicion. Two came running along a path towards me. It was only when they were within a few feet that they stopped short, stared, swung round and with nervous grunts raced home again.

### FEARLESSNESS

All went to ground, but soon the biggest cub was out again, the smallest following him, and even the mother must come and have another look. The old boar did not appear until it was getting dusk, when he trotted off past me and away into the wood. The rest of the family went down the bank, and then all was quiet about the earth. Although they must have known of my presence, they did not let it hinder them, and I was again amazed at the fearlessness of this badger family. As a rule, a mere hint of a human being is enough to send a badger far underground, but these were different, though on this second visit the old ones had not the distraction of private affairs which had certainly helped the first time.

The badgers had gone off exploring, night was falling fast, and once more I had to find my way home across the deep ravine and out into the fields beyond, where cattle and sheep grazed and their odours drifted across the dew-soaked turf. It was just 10 p.m. as I looked back at the dark mass of the woodland where a party of happy badgers were roaming at will, badgers who had given me the proud privilege of witnessing what I believe has never been seen by a naturalist before.

## MARVELS OF MIST

By W. K. HOLMES

**W**HETHER a man is a true lover of mountains or not may be judged largely by his attitude towards "visibility." Those who laboriously attain peaks primarily for the sake of the view are suspect; they do not frequent hills for the right indefinable mixture of reasons that send thither the real devotee.

In "good" weather, which means, popularly, picnic conditions, certain fascinating branches of mountaineering craft are not called into play; the indulgent heights humour their visitor, which by no means implies the same thing as treating him like a familiar friend. While the mountaineer can appreciate the kindness of sunshine, warmth and gentle breezes as deeply as anybody else, he would feel cheated if it were always extended to his expeditions. As to a distant prospect from his chosen summit, he accepts that as a sort of bonus, but the dividends upon which he counts do not depend on any particular atmospheric conditions.

How infinitely poorer would be the retrospect of the veteran climber were it robbed, for instance, of its days amid the clouds, when his world was reduced to a surrounding area of a few yards, and his attention could concentrate—when not concerned with checking his route and orienting himself!—on the beauty of rocks, grass, tiny mountain flowers, mosses, lichens, literally at his feet, and on the eerie behaviour of the grey drifting wreaths through which he makes his way.

To tramp all day in cold rain is certainly enough to modify the most exalted enthusiasm, but the outdoor man knows that few days in our climate are wet without a break. Many a hope-dawn and drenching noon prove grey intrusions to the most brilliant evenings, and when the clouds will stubbornly retreat after the rain, there are generally intervals—often those intervals are memorable for strange effects never witnessed in the valley—when changing spirals of mist where eddies meet in strata of it, lying horizontal at various levels along the sombreness of a great dark cliff, the awe-inspiring outbreak of a black fang

of rock, magnified to vastness, through a cloud whose tatters drift from it as the water pours from a sea-crag when a great breaker withdraws.

The light, lifting mist of the kind of morning that develops into a cloudless radiant day can produce some almost magical spectacles for anyone among or above it; he may even be lucky enough to see that remarkable spectacle the so-called "Broken Spectre." That fortune was mine one July morning when I had started early from Taynuilt, to do the ridge-walk over the Argyllshire massif of Cruachan to Dalmally—surely as fine a high-level ramble as there is in Britain!

Nearing the first peak, I turned aside to look down from the cliff-top into Glen Etive. A gauzy blue mist was drifting below me; the sun, behind, was not yet high, and there I found myself staring at the Broken Spectre—my own shadow, phantom-faint on the moving veil of vapour, surrounded by a complete circle of rainbow colours. My camera was in my pocket, but I never thought of using it, and, if I had, the result would of course have been a maddening disappointment. When, some time after that experience, I read Dr. E. A. Baker's *With Rope and Rucksack in the Scottish Highlands*, I found it deeply interesting to note that he had seen the "spectre" from that same standpoint above Glen Etive.

(You may see the Broken Spectre of your own aeroplane when flying among clouds, but sky-scenery from the airman's point of view is quite a separate subject.)

On another occasion, on an autumn afternoon this time, I left Glasgow in a mist so dense that one side of the street was invisible from the other, and, taking a bus that nosed its way cautiously to Strathblane, I left the valley and made up the slopes of the Campsie Hills.

I had not ascended 300 ft. before the mist around was transfused with sunshine; a few steps more and the higher braes were vaguely visible, and there before me was my shadow, vertical on the mist, moving as I moved, under a ghostly white arch. Turning round soon after

that, I saw the whole valley, mile after mile, as a level white plain, the heights emerging from it like islands above a strange wan inundation. For hours thereafter I walked in brilliant sunshine, and in the evening descended to find myself again below mist-level, conscious, even as I marvelled at the effects that car head-lights could produce under those conditions, that the clear air was not far above my head, and that the stars were dimly illuminating the pale surface of the vapour-ocean beneath which I walked towards the half-blinded city with its fog-blurred lights.

The moon, if really bright and full, is a great wonder-worker with mist, but opportunities to witness her necromantic powers are, for a variety of reasons, rare. Still, I have been lucky enough to see, at midnight among the Pentlands, what I suppose might be called a "mist-bow." This was no great arch like a lunar rainbow, but one that looked small and near, a dimly-white curve built of summer-night haze and silver moonlight.

So much for one or two of the wonders offered by mist to the eye; what of that strange, rare, audible phenomenon known as Fog Cannon or Barisal Guns? (The latter name is taken from that of a coast town of the Sunderbunds, off which a certain sea-captain once heard the noises and reported it as gunfire.) It has been heard—though not, yet, by the writer!—on Ben Nevis; a dull elusive booming. To hear it you must be on the fringes of the mist, and the weather should be comparatively calm.

No one who has seen the Broken Spectre, or been startled by the fantastic monster that mist can make out of an ordinary sheep, or watched the "boil" of mist in a great grim corrie, can be incredulous as to the possibilities of mist for the production of the beautiful and the weird. As to picturing mist spectacles, they are quite beyond the capacities of either brush or lens. Only the inner eye can retain them, as only the solitude of the hills can produce the mood for their full appreciation.



# BELLA COMES—BUT NOT TO STAY

By JOHN PUDNEY

OF all the animals we have possessed at Histley Hill, Bella is the star turn. She is a little, shaggy, ageless donkey; and she still exists in the locality on loan to someone or other, for she passes from hand to hand with an innocent meekness which just hides her sickening guile.

I never know whether she found her way to us by deliberate conspiracy or out of genuine neighbourly kindness. We laid ourselves open to receive a donkey by buying a little cart at a sale. We did not buy it expressly for a donkey, but because it was cheap and because we had ideas about needing a conveyance when the car was not available. We had all enjoyed donkeys at the seaside, we had all admired their stolid amiability, and we had esteemed them at second hand as a joke. To possess one was an idea bred in the spaciousness of Histley. After years in the town, there was room now for such fancies, for such treats for the children. We had no need to tie ourselves to necessities. Simultaneously with this generosity of the spirit, Mr. Love, the decorator, said: "An old moke's never no trouble so long as it's cared for. Why don't you ask Bob about Bella?"

It was recognised, of course, that our garden help, Bob Stapley, should be our agent in all things: and Mr. Love had no desire to usurp another's function. Bob in his turn said: "I hear you was asking about Bella?"

"We were wondering about a donkey. Just for carting things and perhaps shopping and for the children." You observe that we quickly rationalised the ambitious fancy.

"Bella's the very thing. I'll go and ask about her in my dinner hour."

"Don't let us in for a big expense, Bob. We hadn't really budgeted for a donkey; and we'd better not commit ourselves without thinking it over again." This was said, I suppose because of childish memories of R. L. Stevenson having to make a goad for the animal in *Travels With A Donkey*.

"Never fear," said Bob. "That won't cost you nothing. I'll just ask about the old moke. That's all I'll do. You can be sure I won't run you in for anything."

After his dinner he returned, nevertheless, with Bella daintily footing it at the end of a halter. He brought her into the gravel sweep because it was a formal occasion; and we stood around to admire her, proud and a little panic-stricken in the possession of a comparatively large animal. "She's a good old gel," said Bob, thumping the dust out of her coat with his hand. "She don't bite and she don't kick—not unless you was to provoke her. She'll harness to a cart or she'll take a saddle."

Bella looked at us with the humble dignity of a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances. "What has she cost?" we whispered anxiously.

"Bella don't cost nothing, do you, Bella?" shouted Bob—I thought tactlessly, for the sensitive little old thing shifted upon her feet. "They'll be glad to let you have Bella."

I was on the point of asking who "they" were, in order to thank them for this neighbourly act, when Bella, her halter swinging loose, trotted across the gravel and entered the house.

"There now, she do always have a rare appetite for indoors," said Bob as we hurried after her.

We found her standing in front of the oval gilt mirror in the dining-room, eating the ornamental crimson candles at its base. She ate swiftly and purposefully. "Now come out of that, old lady," Bob said, and she immediately walked round the table towards the front door again, the family giving way on all sides to let her pass. We said in our innocence: "It's fortunate she is so obedient," our words no doubt penetrating the subtle and tender asinine brain so widely underestimated by mankind. "She's not a bad old gel, but of course she'll need shoeing," Bob said in final

judgment, and Bella, who I fear listened to everything, heard that too.

Three miles to the north, in the township of Callow, is the forge of Len Small, master farrier and knowing card. Len is a jocund figure at the height of his powers; not a giant by any means, but a neat, narrow man covered in muscle and adorned by superb moustaches, the pride of all Callow—the cards of Callow, that is.

The community in Callow is entertained by two sets, the churchgoers and the cards. On Sundays each set enjoys itself prodigiously, the one with rich and sometimes rather arty vestments, the other with greyhounds, lurchers, ferrets, firearms and ale. Often the forces combine at fêtes or flower shows and provide the whole gamut of entertainment from maypole dancing to shady games of chance.

Upon a June morning we harnessed Bella to the little cart and adjusted things so that the balance was just right when we sat upon the eminence of the wooden seat. George Love, who was mending the farm gate at the time, insisted upon taking the seat out and putting it back the other way round; and Bella unaccountably picked up a mouthful of George's nails. I was brought up to horses as a boy, but I suppose I had forgotten about donkeys. It was quite ten o'clock when we started at a brisk walk. Everyone waved good-bye and we felt very proud to be driving the turn-out. One may feel magnificent ambling along, even when one appears most pathetic or ludicrous. Bella stopped at the bottom of the chase, as the farm drive is called, and took a snack from the side of the road. As I began to climb down, all blandishments having failed, she moved quickly forward and I fell slowly backwards over the seat. Bella did not press her advantage but stepped out and covered a good mile toward Callow.

We met an energetic lady upon an incline then, and Bella stopped. The lady was carrying a copy of the *New Statesman* and a map. "I want to pass by the Histley Ruins into Dunworthy," she said. "Am I right?"

We told her how right she was.

"It seems a disgraceful way to treat a poor little donkey, if I may say so," she remarked. "In weather like this, too."

She strode to Bella's side and patted her compassionately. Assaulted upon such unexpected grounds, we found it difficult to find cool words with which to reply. Bella, however, was quicker witted. She seized the lady's copy of the *New Statesman* in her great yellow teeth. The lady snatched it back. We prodded Bella and moved forward with dignity. "Madam," we said, "please have some respect for the animal's teeth."

This was a *non sequitur*, but it was the best we could do at the time. Afterwards we thought of splendid rebukes which brought in the jawbone of an ass, but by that time we were nearly in Callow, having been an hour and a half on the road.

Bella stopped at the Saracen's Head on the outskirts. We took the hint and went in for refreshment. When we came out our equipage was just visible projecting from the angle of a side wall. Bella was wedged between a swing door and brick wall beneath the word Gentlemen. Half-a-dozen Callow school children watched the humiliating scene which followed, and fell in behind us for the remainder of our journey to Len Small's forge.

"So you brought Bella!" he exclaimed as the children formed up outside. "I've shod mules in the last war and zebras for a travelling circus, but Bella do take the cake, I can assure you."

"It will take a long time, then?"

"It will take time, energy and the patience of Job. You wasn't thinking of driving home to your dinner, I hope?"

We very soon entered The Grenadier with Len Small and heard his tale of the mules in Flanders, declined the offer of a half-bred

brindled greyhound, and accepted his hint upon the use of goose-grease externally for a cold on the chest. Then we returned to the forge and joined the children to watch the struggle. Bella can cast a man off his balance, step on his toes, bite him, and crush him against a wall. As a last resort she can kick. All these things we watched, while the children applauded, and one shoe was fixed with the help of a superannuated man specially sent for. Len Small, breathing hard but uncomplaining, advised us to go away and come back at tea-time. Realising that it would not do to stand all day in Callow High Street with the crowd of children, we agreed, and had to be fetched home by car.

After tea we called for Bella, and entered into the triumph of Len Small at The Grenadier. We realised that we were greatly indebted to him and the superannuated man, for many of their friends—cards of Callow every one—mentioned that no other men in all East Anglia would have done what they had done. For the time The Grenadier officially opened, the company had begun to sing, and the superannuated man obliged with a solo very like *Villikins and his Dinah*, but coarser, which he had learnt during the Boer War. There was an evening mist among the pollards by the pipe organ factory of Callow when we drove Bella away, amid cheers, at an unpredictable trot. Our progress was timeless and stately between the warm hedges and the high cow-parsley.

It was the only journey for which we employed Bella. Clearly a shopping excursion, either to village or town, would take a day. Catching or meeting a train with her was out of the question. Even the children found her slow to ride, for she stood quite still while they beat the dust of years from her shaggy coat.

Her propensity for opening doors became serious. We kept her in the orchard, but she soon learned to open the gate into the garden—never neglecting to pull the washing off the clothes-line in passing. Next we found her in the kitchen eating a loaf of bread. The latch was easy for her to raise; and it became necessary to bolt the back doors day and night.

Finally she was discovered sitting in the drawing-room one wet summer day, gazing into the empty fireplace and thinking evil thoughts. Much space is required to shift a donkey. A seated donkey needs also ingenuity and tact. Bob would have said: "Now come out of that, old lady," and we said that and plenty more. We exhausted words.

We smote Bella with the fire-tongs.

Sedately she rose to her feet; and the loss of dignity was ours, not hers. She stepped backward one or two paces and pushed several of us against the piano; then she gently cropped the flowers in the vase, leaving the next move to us. After upsetting the lighter articles of furniture and pursuing her once round the dining-room table, we coaxed her out of the house with bribes of lump sugar. She never returned, because she remained tied to a tree while Bob Stapley was found and told to take her away.

"I thought you might find her a bit of a one for indoors," he said.

"But you never told us what she is really like."

"I wouldn't like to have done that, for there's no accounting for tastes; and you was dead set on having a donkey."

With these words he put a halter about her head and led her away. How she is disposed of is a village mystery I have never desisted to solve. A bill came in from L. Small "To shoeing donkey, 4s. 6d." Even with the expense of the triumph at The Grenadier, this was a reasonable fee, arrived at, I was told, by calculating 1s. per shoe and 6d. for the superannuated man. Reckoning this cost, however, together with candles, loaves and washing, Bella cannot be said to have paid her way.



# BOYHOOD DAYS IN A SUFFOLK FARMHOUSE

By ERNEST R. COOPER

I WAS born in 1865, and brought up at Westwood Lodge, Blythburgh, Suffolk, occupied by the Coopers for 70 years and once reputed the finest farm in Suffolk. In the 'seventies the farmhouse was a much more self-contained and independent unit than it is at present, and although luxuries were unknown, and unwanted, the farmer's family of that day had a most comfortable home. I suppose that in no half-century have such changes taken place in domestic economy as have been seen in my time, not all for the good. When lavatories and bathrooms were nonexistent. The water supply was the old wood pump, the even older open well, with buckets and pails, or, in some parts of Suffolk, the pot. There were tubs outside for soft water, but cisterns, with taps or pumps as a rule, although my grandfather had a cistern and tap installed in our "backus" about 100 years ago, and there it is to-day as good as ever, with his name in big cast-iron letters. Hot-water service was quite unknown, all water was carried up in cans, and down when used, and bath water was heated in the copper.

Most fireplaces were open, with hobs, and a like in the kitchen to hang the kettle on. A smoky chimney often required a sheet-iron blower to make it draw. I have seen a full grown man go up our kitchen chimney to sweep it. He would put two or three nightcaps over his head, face and all, the first moderately clean, the others black with soot. We were told he could drive a wagon and horses up our old chimneys. Copper flues wound round the copper and could not be swept, so they were blown out with a charge of gunpowder, screwed up in paper and put in the fire, and I have often fired a gun up a chimney and brought down an avalanche of soot.

Brick floors were almost universal in kitchen and backus (backhouse) and the maids wore pattens when scrubbing down, or running about outside. Some had iron rings under the soles and their click-clack was a cheery sound. The cellar was an important feature, where the home-brewed beer, meat, salt pork and hams in pickle lived. Suffolk sweet pickle was made with 3 lb. sugar, 3 lb. treacle, 6 lb. salt, 2 oz. saltpetre, 1 lb. bay salt, and 4 pints extra strong beer: this would pickle 50 lb. of meat, and keep a year. Hams were dry-salted first, put in the tub and rubbed with the pickle every day for a fortnight, then smoked over oak logs, sewn up in linen bags and hung up to the kitchen ceiling.

Salt bacon, called flick, was plain-salted in a tub, held down by a pork stone in the brine. When cooked it was boiled first, then scored, and put in the oven for 15 minutes to make it crisp. Killing a pig into the house was a great event: in small houses joints would be sold in advance, piggy's life being often prolonged on that account. After the post mortem we would revel in pig's pluck, sausages, roast loin with apple sauce, pork cheese, etc., not forgetting those tasty pork scraps from which the lard had been tried out.

Folks half lived on dumplings in those days and the real Suffolk light dumpling was made thus: To 1 lb. of flour add a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, mix to a dough with cold water, stand in the warm for half an hour to rise, then form the dumplings, and either boil for 20 minutes, or steam for 40, and as they come out prick each one with a fork and serve at once, lest they turn heavy. Dumplings came before roast meat, to take the edge off the appetite. The gravy to eat with them was made by putting a cup of boiling water into the larder an hour before dinner, dredging in some flour, and basting the meat every 10 minutes, then, 15 minutes before dinner, setting the pan on the fire of the stove to brown and thicken. After the meat dumplings would be eaten with treacle, a sweet and were equally good.

Netty was a very old Suffolk dish made from whole wheat. It was first wetted and baked by the fire till soft and swollen, then it was boiled in milk, sweetened with sugar and flavoured with cinnamon. We never had

it, but when my mother asked a Sunday scholar what God made on the second day of the Creation, she replied: "Please ma'am, He made some furrmetty."

Baking was all done at home, once a week, in a brick oven heated by burning whin faggots inside. When hot the ashes were raked out, the floor swept and the things put in with a long-handled peel. It was an expert job, but the results beat the present iron ovens hollow: the shortcakes and rusks were a joy. Bread was made with yeast, saved from the brewing: the dough kneaded over night, then stood in a tub covered by a blanket in front of the kitchen fire to rise during the night. It would keep a week without going stale.

Brewing was a great occasion heralded by the backus boy rocking the beer barrels outside, with hot water and a piece of chain inside to clean them. Then mash tub, cooler, hop basket, etc., being ready, and the big copper heated, for some mysterious reason the man came in the middle of the night to mash, and in the morning we were offered sweet wort, which was

ago, before my time, they were made at home.

The first lamps I remember were moderators, burning colza, with a spring inside which, wound up by a key, lifted the oil to a round wick, the surplus oil dripping back to the reservoir. It required winding every hour or so and very careful trimming, but gave a nice soft light. Paraffin lamps came about 1875, first single flat wicks, then duplex, finally circular, when the moderators went out of use.

The dairy generally opened out of the kitchen, with brick floor and lattice windows. It had shelves to take the wide flat milk pans, brimming with cream-covered milk; the cream was skimmed off with a brass dish full of holes, called a fleeter. There has been no proper cream since separators were invented, and butter is poor stuff to-day. Cheese-making was a great industry. We made two kinds—Won-mill, i.e., one meal, or one feeding of the cow, made with new unskimmed milk; and Flet, or Flat, cheese made from flat milk. The milk was curdled with rennet in a tub and left to stand, then the whey was drained off



WESTWOOD LODGE IN ABOUT 1870, WITH THE COOPER HOUSEHOLD

The house, home of the author's family for a century, dates from Tudor times, but was Victorianised. Of the family group, the author, seen on a pony, is the sole survivor.

a sickly beverage to my mind. When the beer had cooled outside it was tunned into the casks, yeast put in and it went down into the cellar to work, the yeast which frothed out being collected for baking, and then the bungs were knocked in. Once settled on the beer stool, a cask was never moved lest it should "rile" the beer. Harvest ale could be very strong and the ordinary brew, laced with gin, was a full man's drink, and would turn the most dismal pessimist into a temporary optimist. Ale hotted up in a cone-shaped muller was a grand drink on a cold night. A brewing licence then cost 6s.

Washing day was a battle with a month's accumulation, when the backus was all steam and commotion. An old servant generally rolled up to help, and the kitchen was regaled with a cupful of gin in the teapot, to counteract the steam and damp. I daresay it was judiciously watered, but even so when it began to work, as our Suffolk poet Bloomfield says: "By gom they fell a clacking." Maids liked washing days; they heard the news, went abroad to hang out the linen, and babbled all day long to the click-clack of the pattens, and the cheery clinking of the box-irons. There being no hot cupboards, everything had to be aired on linen-horses in front of the fire.

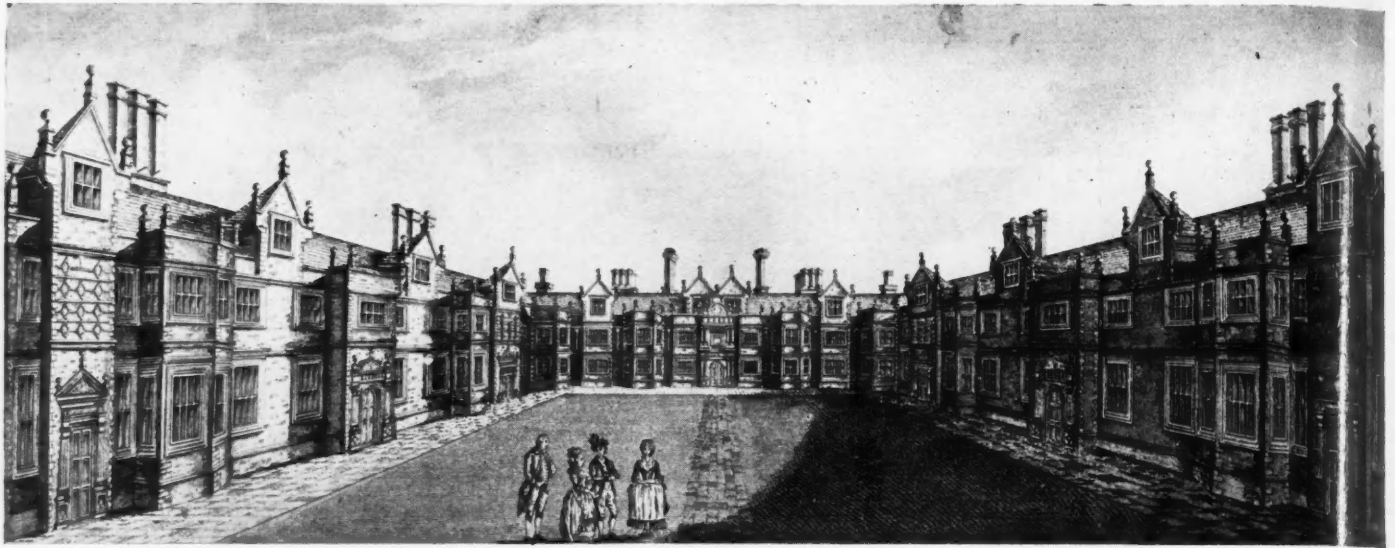
Candles were in universal use, snuffers being used to cut off the snafest of the wick, and extinguishers to prevent a stink. Tallow dips were made by dipping the cotton wicks in hot tallow again and again until they were the right size, when they were tied in 1-lb. bunches, by the wicks and were known as 12's, long 9's, or short 12's to the pound. The bundles were hung on nails and cut off as wanted; years

and the curds put into moulds and pressed; then the cheeses were stored in a dry room till wanted.

In the attics apples and onions were stored, and eggs inside wooden hoops. Each week the hoop was pulled a few inches and every egg rolled over at once, which prevented the yolk sticking to the shell and turning rotten.

Bedsteads were all wooden, four-posters or half testers, screwed together with long screws, turned by a special bed key. A small edition called a truckle bed could be pushed under another to serve in emergency. Everyone slept on feather beds, for spring mattresses were unknown and iron bedsteads only just coming in.

The medicine chest was an institution. My mother physicked half our people and I recall grey powders, friar's balsam, laudanum, senna, arnica and sal volatile; but, for the old folks, a sup of brandy for the men, or a drop of gin for the old girls' "spuums," worked wonders. Poultices—linseed and mustard or tallow plasters—were most efficacious and kept the doctor away. Besides looking after the sick and wounded, my mother played the organ at church for years, ran the clothing club, the coal club, the library, the Sunday school and its treat, also the hush-hush outfit known as "The Bag" for maternity cases, and undoubtedly shortened her own days by unsparing and devoted service to those in need. May the thousands of farmers' wives of my youth who applied themselves to their homes and children, their cooking, hospitality and good works, all rest in the peace which passeth understanding.



1.—“THE COURT IS PERFECT AND VERY BEAUTIFUL” (Horace Walpole, 1753)

From Hasted's *History of Kent*

## SISSINGHURST CASTLE, KENT—II

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST



2.—THE VIEW OF THE TOWER THROUGH THE OUTER GATEWAY

The tower stood at the entrance to the quadrangle illustrated above

*The remnants of Sir John Baker's great Tudor house became in 1930 the home of the Hon. Harold Nicolson, M.P., and Mrs. Nicolson. The latter describes in this article the gradual restoration of what had survived destruction and neglect*

IT is sad to read what Horace Walpole wrote to Richard Bentley on Sunday, August 9, 1752. (It seems curious that he should not have addressed a letter on the same subject to Sir Horace Mann, with whom he was already in constant correspondence and who was the owner of Sissinghurst at that date.) “Yesterday, after twenty mishaps, we got to Sissinghurst to dinner. You go through an arch of the stables to the house, the court of which is perfect and very beautiful. This has a good apartment and a fine gallery, a hundred and twenty feet by eighteen, which takes up one side; the wainscot is pretty and entire; the ceiling vaulted, and painted in a light genteel grotesque. The whole is built for show, for the back of the house is nothing but lath and plaster.” This last observation is confirmed by a drawing by Frederick Grose (1731-91). The brickwork was evidently reserved for the parts that showed.

Thus the courtyard (Fig. 1) was still standing in Walpole's day, and in fact the nonagenarian labourer employed in 1763 for the destruction of the house remembered finding pieces of the painted gallery. One would give much to see a reconstruction of that “light genteel grotesque.” Some fragments of carved stonework have been found lying about or disinterred: slim fluted pilasters, an over-door sculpted with a mask and scrolls, some stone balls and finials (Hasted's picture is evidently correct as to details), and a number of fireplace-surrounds which had been used to roof over a huge drain, deep and wide enough for a man to crawl along. One of these surrounds has been restored to its proper use as a fireplace in the Long Room (Fig. 4).

But of Baker's mansion nothing remains but the long front range of buildings, the slender tower, the garden walls, and two small separate houses. One of these, now known as the South Cottage (Fig. 3), originally formed part of the *cour d'honneur*, east of the entrance court; the other, traditionally





3.—THE SOUTH COTTAGE. ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE GREAT INNER QUADRANGLE



4.—THE LONG ROOM, IN THE NORTHERN HALF OF THE WEST FRONT  
Described by Horace Walpole as "the Stables," so it remained till 1930





#### 5.—THE PRIEST'S HOUSE

It lies north of the tower and contains the dining-room

known as the Priest's House (Fig. 5), must always have stood detached from the main building, and, remembering that St. John the Evangelist's Chapel once occupied a site close at hand, may be presumed to have been the lodging of the Bakers's chaplain. This supposition is confirmed by an illuminated MS. of 1639, being a royal licence permitting the Sir John Baker of that day to have a chaplain for the chapel attached to his house. It includes an inventory of the ornaments in the chapel.

In Hasted's engraving the courtyard looks vast, and, even allowing for the forced perspective, each side must have measured at least 70 yards in length—the gallery noted by Walpole was 40 yards long, and may have occupied one of the sides. The buildings were relatively low, nowhere more than two storeys with attics above lit by dormers. In the middle of the farther side was a "frontispiece" of two superimposed orders of columns, more characteristic of Elizabethan or Jacobean architecture than of Henry VIII's time. No doubt this opened into the hall, though the arrangement of the windows suggests that this was only of one-storey height, and not open to the roof as was still the custom in the mid-sixteenth century. The wings had each two doorways with porches, suggesting that they partly consisted of separate "lodgings." The existing fragment (Fig. 3) fitted in somewhere at the far right-hand corner of the court, though it may have projected eastwards beyond it.

In general style, with its emphasised dormer windows, the building is similar to Sussex manor houses like Gravetye and Great Wigsell which are built in stone, and appears later than the gate-house.

The tower, from Grimm's eighteenth-century drawing, was evidently detached, though linked to the wings by walls. With one pointed arch and one, the inner, semi-circular, it might be said to stand between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, as it did between the outer stable court and the *cour d'honneur*. A date about 1540 is quite likely for it, though it must have been even

then a rather "old-fashioned" feature, more characteristic of the early days of Henry VIII when the brick tower of Layer Marney was raised eight windows high and those of St. James's Palace, Hampton Court, and Eton College were built, in a style reminiscent of the brick towers of Oxburgh, Tattershall and Faulkbourne, dating from the previous century. In Kent there is the brick tower of Lullingstone Castle, and there are at least three comparable Sussex towers: Bolebroke, which retains cupolas similar to those originally surmounting the turrets here, and Cuckfield, assigned to James I's reign, both of brick; and Old Buckhurst, which, dating from about 1580, occupied a similar position at the entrance to a court and, as here, is

almost the only surviving part of a big quadrangle.

It seems clear that a much older house once existed, dating from the twelfth century, when Sissinghurst was in the possession of the de Saxenherst and de Berham families. In the absence of records, we cannot tell for certain where this house stood, but it seems likely to have been in the present orchard, which is still bounded on two sides by a moat. Presumably Sir John Baker pulled it down, or what remained of it, preferring to straddle his own residence over the higher ground. It was conjectured, however, by the late Mr. A. R. Powys, architect to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, that part of an older manor house might have been incorporated in Baker's construction. This is contained in the west range, and includes the gable and recess on the right-hand side of the gateway (Fig. 7). According to Mr. Powys's theory, Baker found this standing and retained it, reproducing the gable and recess on the left-hand side. It is undeniable that a noticeable difference exists in the brickwork of the two gables, and moreover a strip of moulding appears on the right-hand side, which is absent on the left. There is also a curious break in the wall to the right, which suggests that the older house (assuming Mr. Powys's theory to be correct) stopped there, and that the prolongation is Baker's addition. The recesses, by the way, puzzle all architects greatly. At first sight they look like old fireplaces, but as there are not and could not be corresponding flues and chimneys, the idea can be dismissed. It seems more probable that they are merely a pleasant architectural feature. A little built-in brick seat and a shelf beside it suggest that the humbler inmates of the Castle might take their rest here of an evening in the warmth of the westerling sun, with their mug of beer placed conveniently at hand.

There is some evidence to prove that the bricks for Baker's building were made on the estate. Two large artificial depressions, now a lake, suggested where the clay might have been dug, and the chance discovery of much brick rubble and burnt clay in the soil of a wood only a few yards off corroborated the theory that the kiln had been near by.

It has already been related in the first



#### 6.—A BEDROOM IN THE SOUTH COTTAGE

The original fireplace was found *in situ* under layers of Victorian wall-paper

article that the greater portion of Baker's Castle was wantonly pulled down in 1763. By 1930, when the present owners embarked on their work of redemption, even the surviving portions were in a very sorry state. Such rooms as were habitable had been given over to farm labourers living in pitiable squalor; the archway was bricked up; the courtyard unsightly with ramshackle sheds, walls, and old cabbage stalks; there was scarcely a pane of glass in the place; broken sashers banged mournfully; sections of wall had collapsed; the roof sagged and threatened to fall in; the garden was a complete wilderness. Still, it did seem strange that nobody, during the three years the place had been in the market, should have discerned its possibilities even in the midst of dereliction. True, it is a big thing to tackle, and it had to be tackled very gradually. Essential repairs came first, with a few treats thrown in; thus, it is a grand moment when the workmen are taken off their legitimate job and begged to smash down the thin brick curtain wall that closed the archway: it fell outwards with a crash, suddenly revealing the lovely view on to the tower beyond (Fig. 2).

Things came to light little by little. The formation of the garden and the agreeable discoveries made in the process will be related in a third article. For the moment we are concerned only with the buildings proper. The tower was in good repair structurally, and very easy poking sufficed to open the charming little heptagonal turret rooms which had been shut off from the central rooms—somebody at Sissinghurst had evidently had a passion for bricking everything up. Victorian grates were torn out, and Tudor fireplaces uncovered (Fig. 6). Thousands of the original bricks were found lying about and carefully assembled for the repair of fallen walls; also for the reconstruction of half-existent walls whose alignment was clearly marked. An unbelievable quantity of rubbish



#### 7.—PUZZLING TUDOR BRICKWORK

A gable south of the gateway on the outer front of the west range

dumps had to be cleared up. Glazing in the windows was gradually replaced; doors were supplied to gaping frames; sheds were taken down and carted away. All this took many years and had to be done slowly as finances permitted, but in spite of bursts of impatience it was really a more satisfactory method than doing everything at once, because one never knows a place until one has lived in it, when proportions and angles assume a different significance as they grow more familiar.

Life at first was very much of a picnic. There was of course no light except candles and some recalcitrant oil-lamps; there was no water either, except in buckets from the numerous wells. Even to-day, when these defects have been remedied, it could not be claimed, even by a house-agent, that Sissinghurst was a very convenient residence. Living in four separate bits of building, a considerable distance apart, it may be delightful to cross moonlit quadrangles on a warm summer evening on one's way to bed, but on snowy nights it is less agreeable. It is the penalty one has to pay for living in a house which, whatever else it may be, is not orthodox.

On the other hand it may, I think, fairly be claimed that the spirit of the place is very strong at Sissinghurst. This is

proved by the fact that visitors nearly always say one of two things about it, sometimes both. One waits for the remark, and is seldom disappointed. The better-informed visitor says that it reminds him of manor houses in Normandy. The more instinctive visitor exclaims that it is like the castle of Sleeping Beauty. There is truth in both: the orchards and pink brick and rambling encampment with its outcrop of barns and granaries does somehow recall Normandy; the overgrown extravagance of the garden, the soaring tower, the quiet moat, the tumbling roses, the figs and vines, the remoteness, do somehow recall the quality of Perrault's tale.

But to return to the more practical account of the process of salvation. The tower and the two little separate houses were first made habitable, and last on the list came the long front range described by Horace Walpole as "the Stables." They were still stables in 1930. Big cart-horses stamped in their stalls on a cobbled floor. It was all very Morland, and very different from the long library into which it has now been transformed (Fig. 4). The walls sweated into trickles of damp and salt, for the mortar had been most unaccountably and inconveniently mixed with sea-sand which is said never to dry out. There was no fireplace, and it was thus necessary to construct a chimney, but fortunately a public-house in the neighbouring village provided a synchronous example, and an equally fortunate discovery in the garden, as I have already said, supplied the necessary fireplace. A timber-merchant's yard yielded exactly the right quantity of broad oak planks for the flooring to replace the dung-trodden cobbles. Of noble proportions, some of these planks measure over 2 ft. wide. Altogether, luck was on the side of the Long Room.

The redemption of Sissinghurst, so far as the present owners are concerned, is completed. Nothing remains to be done except to perfect the garden and to wait as patiently as possible for the planting scheme to mature. The garden, non-existent in 1930, is now an intrinsic part of such charm as the old Castle may possess, and will form the subject of a third and last article.



8.—A ROOM IN THE SOUTH COTTAGE



# SOME RECENT SALES OF SILVER ◊ By E. ALFRED JONES

ONE indirect effect of the war may be the quantity of old silver that has had to be sold and that the preoccupations of the times have prevented being noticed to the extent that its importance and beauty would normally demand. In general, it has been predominantly the property of collectors, though the contents of at least one ancestral strong-room are included. Some idea of the values involved is given by the fact that sales of silver at Christie's between June, 1941 (when the firm moved from their historic premises in King Street, St. James's, to Derby House, Stratford Place), and July of this year amounted to the impressive total of £135,855. A review of some of the principal items in these sales reveals many outstanding examples of the goldsmith's and silversmith's arts.

In the sale of Mrs. Sydney Loder's collection on August 13 were several choice pieces, beginning with a James I silver-gilt steeple cup and cover, with appropriate decoration of vines, a little unusual in having a simple baluster stem without the familiar brackets, dated 1604, which sold for £1,000. Previously it had been in Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's possession (Fig. 2). Another steeple cup (1623) of a more common fashion fetched £800 in the Viscount Rothermere sale. Mrs. Loder's great Monteith bowl by Isaac Deighton (1697) was knocked down for just under £398, and another (1693), lighter in weight, by Benjamin Pyne, one of Pepys's favourite goldsmiths, who flourished exceedingly between 1676 and 1727 and was the maker of the Saltby gold race cup mentioned later, found a purchaser at £179. The work of the admirable Huguenot goldsmith and refugee from Metz, David Willaume, was represented by a pleasant inkstand, 1703 (£378). An excellent Scottish tankard by James Sympton of Edinburgh, 1700, sold for the good price of £376 15s., bringing the total for the day's sale to over £8,200.

In the reign of Charles I a form of silver tankard appeared for the first time in the history of this English drinking-vessel; it has a plain tapering body without base or foot, with a flat cover and an uncommon scrolled thumb-

piece. In a sale in November, 1941, a specimen dated 1633 and attributed to Benjamin Francis, realised the satisfactory sum of £460. Two more were in the George A. Lockett collection sold in April, 1942, dated 1632 and 1635, and were sold for the much higher figures of £620 and £520 respectively (Fig. 5). A few only of this variety of tankard have survived to this day. The earliest is probably one of 1629 belonging to the Corporation of Kendal. Thomas Eden's tankard of 1635, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, is of this type, as are the very scarce pair of 1640 at Christ's Hospital. Three early and historical race prizes were conspicuous features of the sale. The first was a plain punch bowl, the "Newcastle under Line's Plate," won by Lady Leg in 1718 and made by Seth Lofthouse in that year. It is illustrated in the catalogue. For this

the high figure of £580 was obtained. A second punch bowl, the Town Plate at Banbury in 1720, from the workshop of Thomas Parr in the same year, sold for £330.

English plate of solid gold, even as late as the reign of Queen Anne, is scarce. A delightful two-handled race cup, weighing 12 oz. 18 dwt., 4½ ins. high, engraved with a racehorse and jockey and inscribed "Saltby Plate," realised £560 (Fig. 9). It was made in 1710 by Benjamin Pyne, one of Pepys's goldsmiths already mentioned, and had been previously in the collections of the Duchess of Montrose (died 1894) and of Mr. Myles B. Kennedy (1907). A sum of £540 was paid for a great oblong salver by that estimable Anglo-French goldsmith, Paul Crespin, 1734. The Earl of Lichfield sent to the same sale some silver of Admiral Lord Anson.



1.—CUP OF MOTHER-O'-PEARL AND SILVER-GILT, 1590. Height 8 ins.  
SALT, 1613. Height 11½ ins. SALT, 1573. Height 9¾ ins.  
(George A. Lockett collection)



2.—STEEPLE CUP AND COVER,  
1604. Height 15 ins.  
(Mrs. Sydney Loder's collection)



3.—JUG, BY PETER PETERSON, NORWICH.  
Circa 1570. Height 10¾ ins.  
(Viscount Rothermere's collection)



4.—THE DRAKE CUP. SW. 35,  
1571. Height 20¾ ins.  
(George A. Lockett collection)





5.—**INKARD, 1635.** Height 6½ ins. **TANKARD, 1597.** Height 7¼ ins. (George A. Lockett collection)



6.—**TANKARD, 1698.** Height 7½ ins. **TANKARD, 1638.** Height 5¼ ins. (Viscount Rothermere's collection)

The sale of Viscount Rothermere's collection on December 3, 1941, aroused keen interest among the large gathering of collectors, and excellent, and indeed unexpectedly high, prices were obtained. Many rarities, it should be mentioned, had been given by Lord Rothermere before his death to the Middle Temple. Some tankards were keenly appreciated. One of Charles I, 1638, with the rare spreading skirt, was sold for £360 (Fig. 6). The price of £1,900 was obtained for a noble Charles II tankard of 1671, with certain unusual features (such as a handle of German design), engraved with the arms of Knightley and previously in the collection of the Earl of Kilmorey, which is illustrated with many other rare things in the catalogue (Fig. 7). Two pieces of the Commonwealth period, when so little plate was wrought, were a fruit-basket and a *tazza*, both of 1656, sold for £560 and £520.

Other rare lots were two Charles I *tazze* of the dates 1627 and 1639, for which the respective sums of £500 and £520 were paid. The second was described as by Thomas Maundy, better known as a maker of silver maces under the Commonwealth and Charles II. A handsome pair of James II "pilgrim bottles," 1686, went for £1,000. Two Monteith bowls in Mrs. Sydney Loder's collection have been mentioned before. Two more came from the Rothermere collection, including one of 1709 wrought by Francis Garthorne, maker of the William and Mary maces in the Tower of London, which realised £360. A few specimens of silver by provincial goldsmiths attracted competition, the first of which was a unique Elizabethan jug by a skilful craftsman of Dutch antecedents at Norwich, one Peter Peterson, about 1570. For this £1,200 was paid (Fig. 3). Several Charles II porringers with covers were offered, and one of the year 1662 was sold for as much as £880. Paul de Lamerie's work was represented by notable examples, namely, a George II inkstand,

1734 (£510); a set of four table candlesticks, 1733 and 1734 (£420), and one of his finest two-handled cups with covers, 1744 (£350), all illustrated in the catalogue. There were also another fine cup of the same popular form, 1745 (£390), a set of three casters, 1738 (£330), and a bread-basket, 1743 (£270), all by the same goldsmith.

From Panshanger (Lord and Lady Desborough's collection) came a quantity of household plate, such as a dinner service of 1797 by Paul Storr, sold for £1,350; a salver by Paul de Lamerie, 1728 (£765), and a Queen Anne supper set by various makers, £1,750, as well as other good plate. The late Mr. George A. Lockett had acquired many important specimens of English and foreign plate, which sold well in the sale of April 22 and 23 last. Some of the more conspicuous were an Elizabethan cup and cover with a bowl of mother-of-pearl of fine workmanship, 1590 (£1,080); a square Elizabethan salt, 1573 (£400); and one of the bell-shaped salts fashionable between about 1580 and 1613; this was made in 1613 and was sold for £340 (Fig. 1). The early silver included some important Apostle and other spoons and a remarkable set of 24 Queen Anne rat-tailed spoons. Six Queen Anne dishes bearing the queen's cipher and royal arms, 1713, by Lewis Mettayer, the accomplished Huguenot goldsmith and maker of plate for Speakers of the House of Commons, reached £1,180.

Two rare Charles I tankards are mentioned earlier under the notice of Mrs. Sydney

Loder's collection. Sold with those in the Lockett sale was an uncommon tankard, 1597 (£420), illustrated (Fig. 5). A fine example of a Monteith, 1688, by the worthy goldsmith George Garthorne, realised as much as £680. One of the earliest known tea-kettles, wrought by John Stockar, 1703, ante-dated by three years a kettle by David Willaume in a sale at Christie's in 1926, went for £760 (Fig. 8). The brazier-like stand and lamp are of the date 1700.

In the sale of Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips's silver, earliest of this series, the most important item was a George II tea-kettle and stand, 1731, by that skilful craftsman, Augustine Courtauld, founder of the family of goldsmiths (£301). Next was a ewer with basin, decorated in the style of Robert Adam, by Daniel Smith and Robert Sharp, 1783, makers of much royal plate, which belonged to the tenth Earl of Westmorland, remembered for his elopement with Sarah, heiress of Robert Child the banker (£139 11s. 5d.). Two pairs of soup tureens with covers and stands, 1807, characteristic of the splendid work of Paul Storr, weighing just over 1,096 oz., realised the considerable sum of £734 odd.

Reserved until the end of the Lockett sale (the total of which was £21,883) was the famous Drake Cup, familiar from newspaper reports of its gift by the National Arts Collection Fund to the City of Plymouth (Fig. 4). The Swiss maker in 1571, one Abraham Gessner (1552-1613) of Zurich appears to have specialised in this form of cup. This identical cup was first sold at Christie's in July, 1919, for the high price of £3,800; in the Lockett sale the figure was £2,100. The late collector had bought a few other choice pieces of foreign silver, French and Dutch, and a pair of Nuremberg globes, about 1620, sold for £980. Some good old silver was included in other sales at Derby House.



7.—**CHARLES II TANKARD, 1671.** Height 10½ ins. (Viscount Rothermere's collection)



8.—**TEA-KETTLE BY JOHN STOCKAR, 1703, WITH STAND AND LAMP, 1700.** (George A. Lockett collection)



9.—**SALTBY GOLD RACE CUP, BY BENJAMIN PYNE, 1710.** Height 4½ ins.

# OLD-FASHIONED

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I HAVE lately been heartened by a letter from a younger friend, a very good golfer, who has been cast up by the chances of the war on a coast and near a golf course that I know well. It is one as to which I am affectionately sensitive, and when he told me he was going there I was anxious that he should like it. So I was relieved to get what I am sure is a genuinely ecstatic letter. "I love the links," he says. "It takes one back to the real old-fashioned golf as the game was meant to be played, and I look forward to each week-end like a boy looking forward to half-term." Those words gave me a pleasant little glow of the heart, and then I fell to wondering what he meant—I know he meant it kindly—by saying that the golf was old-fashioned.

I have been checking (not "checking up on," be it observed) its characteristics one by one. First, the greens are rather small; they are certainly not "gardens of inaccuracy," and that is one good thing. Then I wondered if we had many of the cross-bunkers that belong to a past age. There are one or two; one is of a mild and futile description, and one I am fond of only perhaps because it belongs to the sole surviving hole of the course as I first played it when I was 11 years old, but I can recall no more, and we seem fairly up-to-date in that respect. There is one perfectly blind short hole over a big sandhill which has, I suppose, an antique flavour, and we have another cocked up on the top of a sandhill, with *such* a view of the waves, which belongs to no fashion old or new, since I know of no other quite like it. We have one green in something of a cup—we once had three—where the ball will now and then run kindly to the hole.

Yet on the whole I think that the old-fashioned charm is to be found not so much in these things as in the fact that you can largely go as you please. By that I do not mean that you will do nearly so well as if you go where you ought. You certainly will not, but there is an utter absence of a cut and dried line between cut and dried areas of trouble. Nobody would ever think of using on our course that modern word "fairway," or at least I hope not. I can think of two holes where you are more or less closely pent between the line of sandhills and bents on one side and the rushes on the other; but generally speaking you are not "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd." The course makes no precise and pedagogic demands on you; there is a choice of lines and you will discover by experience which is the best.

If this casual and unregimented quality is old-fashioned, then the old fashion is a very good one and is to be found in great perfection on two of the noblest of courses, St. Andrews and Rye. There is no course in the world where the caddie points out the right line to you with greater exactitude than at St. Andrews—on St. Regulus's tower at one hole, on a Dundonian chimney at another, and so on—but according to the wind and your own particular powers and predilections the line will vary, and that is one of the abiding charms of the golf. At some holes, such as the twelfth, there are two permanently different schools of thought—the one for driving to the right of the hidden mine-field of bunkers in the middle of the course, the other for hugging the left. There are few hard and fast rules, and that I believe is one of the reasons why we never get tired of playing there. On all golf courses worthy of the name there is set us the problem of keeping straight, but on these "old-fashioned" ones there is the additional, enthralling, and ever varying problem of what is straight.

This particular quality which I have been trying to portray is to be found at its best only as a rule on true links by the sea. There are many admirable inland courses which I love, but this is not, generally speaking, one of their virtues. They have for the most part been hewed out of heather and woodland, and so they have their definite fairways and their definite rough. They mete out strict justice; they are very good for our golf, and they are very good fun as well, but they are a little

deficient in that element of liberty—it is often a fallacious liberty—in which the seaside courses are so rich. In the language to which we have now grown so painfully accustomed, they may be said to enforce a totalitarian discipline, whereas the links by the sea are the more democratic.

And yet "old-fashioned" is an epithet which can certainly be applied to inland courses, and that with two separate meanings. The one is hardly complimentary. It implies that the course was laid out by one of the ancient race of professionals, such as Tom Dunn of Tooting Bec, before golfing architecture had become one of the learned arts. It suggests square greens, steeplechase bunkers, a few hedges and generally dull and out-moded conditions. Likewise it implies a clay soil and rich glutinous winter mud. There are not many such courses left, for most of them have been "remodelled," and if we find one in its pristine state we rejoice over it as a museum piece.

There is, however, another most complimentary sense in which an inland course can be old-fashioned. The course has good turf, heather and gorse and all the other ingredients which go to make up the very best, and yet it is unlike them. Whether or not it is in fact on common land, it has the pleasantly casual appearance of being on a common. There may not be a pond with ducks on it, but we feel that there ought to be. There may or may not be a road running through it or a public-house on the road where we can drink beer and eat bread and cheese, but we feel that these things ought

to be there too. We ought to light upon the course quite unexpectedly on a walk and say, in the manner of Mr. Wemmick: "Hullo! here's a course. Let's borrow some clubs from the professional and have a game." I have doubtless made but a poor attempt to describe this almost indescribable air, and yet I think golfers will know the kind of course I mean.

It is an air which adorns some very good courses indeed. The first time I ever set eyes on delightful Liphook I said that here was the apotheosis of golf on a common; I am sure I have said it several times since then, and I still hold it to be true. I do not think there is a duck pond, but there are all the other charms I have enumerated and there is scarcely any better golf to be played away from the sea. I think that there is something of this same casual rustic grace about another fine golf course which I do not know so well as I should like, Lindrick, near Sheffield. Three engaging Liphookshire courses seem to me to possess it, Berkhamsted, Chorleywood and, in particular, Wheathampstead. In Sussex I have dim but pleasant memories of Holtye. Ashdown Forest, too, gives me the same indefinable sensation, and so did Piltdown when I once caught an entrancing glimpse of it. I have no doubt the list might be almost infinitely prolonged, but I must stop. At any rate I have succeeded in satisfying myself that to call a course "old-fashioned" is to pay it a high tribute. I have at the same time kindled in my own breast a more than usually burning desire to see yet again the course to which my friend applied the term. If all is well, I may perhaps do so when September has nearly run its course, and if he is still there perhaps he will kindly carry me round on his back in a foursome, or even, for I shall be very eager, in a four-ball match.

## THE SHIP OF STATE

By ELIZABETH GORELL

"AM I an incorruption?" The little boy pushed aside with his elbow some of the many papers which infested his mother's desk, put it in their place and his chin in his palm and gazed unwaveringly into her face. She had been aware for some time of the small figure standing silently beside her, but had gone on with her work, her heart becoming steadily less and less hard.

"I'm busy," she said, looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

"I know," he said, with a heavy sigh, looking at her out of the corner of his.

His mother looked sternly but unseeing at the letter she held in her hand. Could she do this or that? She could not. Overwhelmed by the sense of the passing of precious time which would never be hers again, she gave her heap of papers a decisive push and swung round to meet his eyes. The trust in them was not misplaced.

"A proper walk?" he whispered.

She stood up; he slipped a warm, confiding hand tightly into hers and led her proudly from the room.

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Their way took them along the sweet path by the river among kingcups and cuckoo flowers, the beginning of the daisies, the ending of the primroses, the budding of the may. They heard the joyful calling of the birds, they saw their flashing *insouciant* courtships. A tit flew towards them, dipping and rising on the green and golden air as though he leapt over aerial waves. Kingcups crowded the banks; the little boy stopped her once to wash the faces of some left muddy by the retreating tide.

"They haven't got long to live: they won't want to think they always looked like that," he urged her.

Seeing that her task was likely to be an endless one, she remarked: "They may not like it, you know; they may think it fun to have a dirty face, like you do."

He stopped her at once. "We'll let them have fun to-day because it's such a day," adding, with a glance at the very clean bunch

whose faces his mother had with such care bent into the water and splashed clean, "Those are girl kingcups: they don't mind how clean they are."

"Queen cups," suggested she, and this stroke of wit brought his loud, clear laughter.

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They wandered on: he had much to tell her, much to instruct her. His small shoulder was offered to steady her at every stile; every turn of the path started some happy remembrances which she must share. He was eager the "proper walk" should be a success from her point of view as well as from his—only, when they came across the little form of a mole stretched on their path, its tiny hand caught in the teeth of a trap, he could give her no help but turned away his head while she gently released it. They found a suitable bank where the earth seemed soft enough for a sore hand to burrow into and released the mole under the cover of a bush: with most ungrateful haste it disappeared from their sight.

They reached a level crossing and climbed the high gates. Again he offered his shoulder, standing so many feet below her that she could only touch it with her foot, a most witty touch this was considered too. They crossed the wicked lines, looking carefully for trains, "because that *would* spoil the fun if we got runned over." His mother agreed that it would—considerably.

Wandering along, they came to a large willow tree which drooped over the path and river; one thick branch sprawling along the ground made a comfortable seat, and there they sat. But not for long will restless Youth sit and stare, and soon he was dressing himself up—a band of iris leaves tied round his head with a piece of scarlet wool, carried in his mother's pocket in case of flower-picking; a large posy of cuckoo-flowers was pushed into the top of his blouse, "ticky but fine," and a long feather reed was carried in his hand. Standing before her, he sung her her favourite song in a high, clear, impersonal voice.

Morning is breaking, like the first morning;  
Black-bird is singing, like the first bird



and departed round a bend in the path seeking adventure.

His mother sat leaning against the tree-trunk, watching the river slide by, listening to the sound of the rooks, the cuckoo calling, the air vibrating with nameless insect sounds. Sudden running footsteps roused her; they had panic in them. The little boy came round the bend in swift flight, his posy gone, his head as askew as he was sobbing violently.

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When she could rise to her feet, he had reached her and flung himself into her arms, gripping her shoulders with hard little hands, butting her with hard little heels. She locked her arms round him, looking along the path apprehensive of what might appear; but nothing came. She felt his heart thud against her arm: what could have frightened him so? Or was it fright? Had something deeply offended that quick pride of his? And some passer-by laughed at him, an offer which was always unbearable to him, as you know. "That ghastly man!" she heard between his sobs.

"What happened?"

"I shudder answered her and she did not ask the question and what it was she never knew—perhaps it was something better rubbed out.

"He fell on a piece of wood left stranded by the river. 'Have you got your new knife?'" she asked him gently.

The gripping hands relaxed; one left her shoulder and was drawn sniffingly across his nose: it fumbled in his pocket and the glorious knife was produced. "It's got two blades," he said proudly, but with a little hiccup.

"Still?"

This was a joke, he knew, but she was relieved to hear him laugh. She reached for the piece of wood: it was about a foot long and perhaps five inches wide, with rounded end and soft from long soaking—an obvious boat. With heavy breathing and the new knife rough edges were cut away: a piece of red chalk was discovered in his pocket among a medley of rubbish, and on the smoothed deck of the ship the name was written, chosen by him, *The Ship of State*.

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Where had he heard that, his mother wondered, as she manned the deck with acorn men, shrivelled considerably from living for some months, in her pocket this time, but "hard-worked sailors must often look curled about like that," as he remarked, and with their caps on their heads set at a jaunty angle, holes made in them with a hair-pin in which were fixed their little stick-arms and legs, nothing, in the circumstances, could hope to look more nautical. Some of them, those with the stouter legs, could be persuaded to stand erect, their ankles wedged in holes made in the deck of the good ship; but some must lie on their backs, their faces grinning up through their wrinkles at the sky.

"Now she's ready to sail away: perhaps

she will come out to the real sea. Do you think they know where they are going to?"

"A Ship of State should know."

"P'raps they do; p'raps they don't."

His mother leant out as far as she could over the river, holding the willow with one hand, and laid the precious vessel carefully upon the deep. The tide was not running strongly, but, after a moment's hesitation, the little ship started slowly forward, its owners keeping pace with it on the bank.

"D'you think they're frightened?" asked the little boy.

"Not they: they're sailors," said his mother very confidently.

"Can ships be frightened?"

"Ships of State must never be frightened."

Watching it anxiously, the little boy exclaimed with sudden passion: "It's not very nice never to be frightened when you are very frightened. Oh, mummy, bring them in, bring them in! I don't want them to have to do it: make them be safe, oh, do make them to be safe, I pray you!"

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In answer to his prayer, a bunch of reeds which lay flat across the water at right angles to the bank intercepted the little craft. Reaching out, his mother caught it and lifted it ashore, complete with its acorn crew.

He gathered it, all dripping, in his arms, his face all smiles. "*The Ship of State* is home safely," he announced.

O England, that it were true!

## FOOD FOR LIVESTOCK

By H. C. LONG

BRITISH farmers have much too long been victims of a tradition—if such it may be named, considering how recently it arose. Since the growth of human knowledge showed us, for the most part during our fathers' and our own time, the food value of many imported concentrated products or by-products of plant origin, we have come to depend upon them unduly and believe them to be indispensable for milk production, for the rearing and fattening of stock, and even for the improvement of our permanent pastures.

In the earlier years of extensive arable farming in Britain, farmers had no cakes or meals made from cotton seed, ground nuts, soya beans and similar overseas crops.

With changing times, great increases in population and the industrial evolution, the coming of oil seeds for crushing yielded so-called cakes, readily converted to meals, that were very acceptable on farms that were much too freely going down to grass. This gradually led to dependence upon imported concentrates of all sorts, not excepting cereals, which a growing population so greatly needed—and demanded at a low price.

### REPLACING IMPORTS

The war of 1914-18 demonstrated our position in the event of imported supplies being cut off: the present war is demonstrating it even as severely as 1917. This is made clear by Mr. Hudson's recent prophecy at a Press conference at his Ministry—that by 1944 there would be no imported feeding-stuffs available to farmers in this country.

It is noteworthy that the Minister should add that by that time it would be possible to judge how far the health of our dairy herds had been improved by home-feeding during winter. His own feeling was that the health of high-grade herds was already the better for a decrease in forcing milk production.

If that conviction proves to be correct, the "new order" among cattle should greatly aid the new schemes designed to improve the health of cattle under closer veterinary supervision.

Home-produced imported concentrates being replaced in the first place the advice given to farmers many years ago by a great practical and scientific farming authority, the late Sir William Somerville, deserves to be quoted here, just as it has been quoted in an official bulletin.

"It is by no means sure," wrote Sir William, "that it is in the best interests of

agriculture that farmers should buy imported foods largely. In my opinion it is economically a much sounder policy to show farmers how they can grow larger and more nutritious crops at home. These demonstrations, aided by the Board, which show farmers how the crop in one half of a field can, *unaided by imported food*, produce more meat than the crop on the other half given to animals *along with large quantities of cake*, are in my humble judgment more worthy of attention than fresh sources of cake and the like."

It seems to have needed a second world war to bring those words truly home to the country, if indeed they have yet gone home with real conviction. Anyhow, their general truth must be obvious at this time, and the immediate point of importance is how the cutting off of imports will be met on the farm.

We may well believe that the ploughing out of over 6,000,000 acres of grass, with another half-million in process of being ploughed, must obviously add heavily to the available quantities of home-grown cereals, pulse and roots, the protein equivalent and starch equivalent values of which will be much greater than would be those of the grass and hay they replace. True, a larger proportion of the wheat is being taken for bread-making, but the cereal area has enormously increased.

Under the regulations, too, a farmer who ploughs out grass expressly for growing stock food is entitled to use the produce for that purpose, except that he must not use millable wheat or rye. He may, therefore, freely grow barley, oats, peas, beans, roots, clovers and "seeds," lucerne, maize, buckwheat, the kales, and other arable crops.

### FIVE POSSIBILITIES

There remain five other very important possibilities—higher yields of better quality from the permanent grass land remaining; one-year to three-year "seeds"; young dried grass; silage made from various crops; and straw pulp.

First of all, attempts at improving grass land have been made over a number of years, and certainly this work has been speeded up since September, 1939. It is being done by drainage, liming, fertilisers, and good management generally. This should certainly mean more grass of better quality, so that every 100 acres will carry more stock.

Much grass land that has been ploughed

will naturally take its turn under "seeds," and this should provide substantially larger quantities of digestible fodder than when it was under permanent grass.

We have known a great deal about the food value of dried young grass, and methods of "making" it, but its preparation is still in its infancy, because costs are regarded as too high.

Silage may be made from grass, "seeds," clover, lucerne, maize and various mixed arable crops like peas and oats, vetches and oats. As to feeding value, we now know well that good silage can be depended upon to provide both for maintenance and a substantial part of the milk yield: indeed, in one or two instances cows have had silage only and yielded heavily. If a man is blessed by a quiverful of children, so is a farmer by having his silo full of good food.

### THE USE OF STRAW

The great harvest now being completed is bound to yield vast quantities of straw, and the recent development of the straw pulp process should enable our farmers to make the most of suitable straw as a food for livestock. One hopes that before winter every possible advantage will have been taken of the offer of the Ministry of Agriculture to provide free plant for making straw pulp—and grants to assist with an adequate water supply are already available.

The foregoing points will certainly have been kept fully in mind by farmers who have aimed at being self-sufficient in feeding-stuffs, as suggested by Sir William Somerville, but there are still those who need to adopt the same principles and set out on the same road without looking back—for imported concentrates that will not arrive, and that would be exorbitantly costly to the country if they did.

Let it be added that, apart from the items already mentioned, the fullest use must be made of sugar-beet tops, brewers' wet grains, sugar-beet pulp, dried yeast (rich in Vitamin B), as well as of all the home-produced concentrates made available through ration coupons.

In conclusion it may be useful to quote the first paragraph of an article by Mr. M. F. Twist in the June issue of the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture*: "With the war there has come a complete revolution in the methods of farming. Suddenly, the farmer found that he could no longer obtain from his corn merchant just what he required, and it soon became evident that he had to grow such supplies for himself or go without."

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE WAGONETTE DOES ITS BIT

From Lord Dulverton.

SIR,—Like many another, I emerged from the last war to find a coach-house full of carriages, confronting a range of empty stalls and boxes.

Terms which at one time were sufficiently familiar sound archaic to-day; brakes, landaus, broughams, victorias, stanhopes, phaetons and wagonettes, to mention only a few. Unhappily, they had served their time and generation and, to make room for another type of vehicle in growing numbers, they had to go, finding a slender market at about £1 per wheel.

Last of all, the wagonette went also for conversion into a lorry whereby broody hens and chicken coops could be transported by the head keeper. It was a beautiful wagonette which, assisted by a couple of 15.2 cobs, made fleet journeys averaging about 10 miles an hour! There was at that time a grand old gentleman, past his three score years and ten, who was highly skilled as a wheelwright and wagon builder, in

on the post-war building programme there is no room for delay in putting it into motion.

The R.I.B.A. must feel more strongly than most sections of the public a sense of horror at the atrocities in the shape of new dwellings which have appeared during the last 20 years to ruin our towns and, worse still, our countryside. That being so, may one express the hope that no possible remedy will be prejudiced by two of our national weaknesses—reference to committees and hastening slowly.

If the Institute, as surely it must, has a horror of the past and hope for the future, it may be an encouragement for it to know that many sections of the public are looking to it for action in every possible direction and that it will earn their gratitude for the success which its efforts must surely achieve if they are pressed forward urgently.

Mr. Willcocks tells us that Berkshire is enthusiastic. There are many thirsting for knowledge too in my own county across the Thames. My gardener, who is a prisoner of war in Germany and, during the last war left school at the age of eleven to

whereas most stoats on low ground remain brown in winter.—ANTHONY BUXTON (Major), *Horsey Hall, near Great Yarmouth.*

## THISTLES AND LADYBIRDS

From Lord Latymer.

SIR,—There is a very unusual number of red ladybirds in this part of the world this summer. There is also a very large supply of thistles, with which the ladybirds appear to be coping, not unsuccessfully. The insect seems to wait until the thistle-bud is just appearing, when it takes up its quarters on the bud and eats or destroys it. That is what seems to happen, at any rate. But I am a little doubtful if the ladybird is really making itself so useful as all that, for I have been told that her chief diet is aphidæ, or plant lice. So that it is possible that she is actually doing her best to save the thistle by eating some form of tiny louse which inhabits thistle-buds. If that is the case, she should obviously be detested (I hope Mr. A. P. Herbert will forgive me) at once. In any case, whether the enemy is ladybird or louse, the

and a golden eagle, appearing in a recent issue. I considered they were wonderful; they interested me and I am sure most other people enormously, because, after all, the eagle when in the air, is a wild bird and the fox in this case was a wild animal.

What interested me particularly was that the eagle should have killed the fox, as I should have thought with his powerful jaw and big teeth and general rapidity of movement, the fox would have killed the eagle.—GEORGE CHEWODE, *Fareham, Hampshire.*

From Christabel Lady Amptill.

SIR,—I am interested in the letter criticising your article on the eagle and fox. The ostrich-like attitude of the writer does not in any way lessen the cruelty which must always exist in nature, and your admirable paper would certainly be less interesting and representative if it dealt only with the kindlier side of nature.—CHRISTABEL AMPHILL, 4, *Quarry Street, Guildford.*

## AN ORNITHOLOGICAL BOWL

From Sir Hugh Gladstone.

SIR,—A local cottager recently gave me a china bowl which appealed to my ornithological taste.

It measures 9½ ins. in breadth, 3¾ ins. in depth, and stands 5½ ins. high on a base of 5½ ins. The inside and sides of the bowl are decorated with pictures of birds and both its edges and that of the base have a floral ornamentation; all being in a pleasing shade of mauve.

An expert in such matters classed the bowl as "Staffordshire" of the cottage type and suggested that it might, at one time, have been awarded as a prize as a punch-bowl; he also guessed its date as about 1820.

Investigations have, however, revealed that the four pictures of birds, round the side of the bowl, are inspired—if not copied—from the plates of Teal, Red-breasted Merganser, Slavonian Grebe and Sabine's Gull, which appear as Nos. 3, 10, 11 and 24 in Sir William Jardine's *Naturalist's Library: Birds of Great Britain and Ireland* (Part IV, *Natalities*), which was first published in 1843, the plates being drawn by James Stewart and engraved by W. H. Lizars. I have not been able to find any picture like that which decorates the interior of the bowl and which depicts a Swan and Slavonian Grebe swimming among aquatic plants.

It would be of interest to ascertain the provenance of this bowl and to know if any other similar pieces are in existence.—HUGH GLADSTONE, *Capenoch, Penpont, Dumfriesshire.*

[Mr. Bernard Rackham, to whom the photographs of this bowl have been submitted, considers that it was made about 1850, in one of the Scottish earthenware factories. The accurately naturalistic representations from Sir William Jardine's volumes are in quaint contrast with the less naturalistic swan.—ED.]

## A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE HALLETT FAMILY

SIR,—In the article on Georgian cabinet-makers by two joint authors, published in your issue of July 24, you reproduce a portrait group of William Hallett, the eminent cabinet-maker, together with members of his family, by Francis Hayman. It is therein briefly stated that "William Hallett is shown with his wife and her parents, his son and daughter-in-law."

May I be allowed to correct this description in part? The picture does, in fact, represent William Hallett standing at the back; also a lady on the bank under the trees is indeed,



SLAVONIAN GREBE, from Jardine's *Naturalist's Library*



THE INTERIOR OF THE BOWL

(See letter "An Ornithological Bowl")

fact, a master of any job requiring sound workmanship based upon an intimate knowledge of his trade. By his hands the wagonette was converted, but, since they were no longer necessary, he carefully laid aside the upper portions of the finely tempered springs, believing, like the White Knight, that they would come in useful some day. This year—not perhaps a unique experience—many thistles grew upon my farm and, having seen and handled a little instrument known as a Norwegian scythe—a small one-handed affair—I asked the old man's grandson (he himself having long since gone to his rest) if by chance he could copy the one which I had borrowed to enable me to deal with some of the weeds. A perfect facsimile was produced, and I have now learned that the little blade is a leaf from one of the springs; so now, in these petrol-less days, I am still "driving" a bit of my old wagonette.—DULVERTON, *Balsford Park, Moreton-in-the-Marsh.*

## BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

SIR,—It is obvious that if the scheme sponsored by Mr. C. B. Willcocks in your issue of August 21 for the teaching of an appreciation of architecture in schools is to have an effect

join a tractor gang, told me that he and his wife took every opportunity of joining in outings to the seaside and elsewhere. On arrival they spent their time, not on the pier or in a cinema, but in visiting churches and other buildings of interest in the hope of learning something from them.—JOHN FOX, *Bird Place, Goring-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.*

## RYPER AND PTARMIGAN

SIR,—I have always believed that the theory about our grouse and ryper put forward by Mr. Kennard is correct, and the facts seem to upset Mr. Ward's views. In Norway there are both—Dal ryper and fjeld ryper. Fjeld ryper are ptarmigan and live on the same sort of high ground as our ptarmigan, both in Norway, in the Alps and in the Pyrenees. Moreover, they croak and do not crow.

Dal ryper live in Norway on the same sort of ground as our grouse and also inhabit birch woods; they make exactly the same noises as our grouse; they have exactly the same coloured feathers as our grouse in the summer with the exception that some of their feathers are white. The only difference that I can see is that they go pure white in winter like ptarmigan. So do stoats on high ground where there is much snow,

thistles seem to be having a worrying time, and should not be so dreadfully prolific as usual.

Perhaps some authority on coleoptera among your readers can tell me how matters really stand.—LATYMER, *Shipton Lodge, Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire.*

[There is no doubt whatever that nearly all our ladybirds, of which we have about 40 species in this country, are predacious and feed, both as larvæ and adults, largely on green-fly. It is just possible that the red beetles to which Lord Latymer refers are not true ladybirds. This could easily be decided if he cared to send a specimen or two to these offices. Ladybirds are one of the greatest enemies of green-fly and so, on all cultivated plants, are considered as beneficial. Naturally, however, if the plant is injurious and you wish it to be destroyed, the rôle of the insect is reversed; green-fly becomes beneficial and the ladybird injurious, just as a rose is a weed in a potato patch and a potato is a weed in a rose garden.—ED.]

## EAGLE versus FOX

From Admiral Sir George Chetwode.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. C. H. Hampson, takes exception to the photographs of a fight between a fox

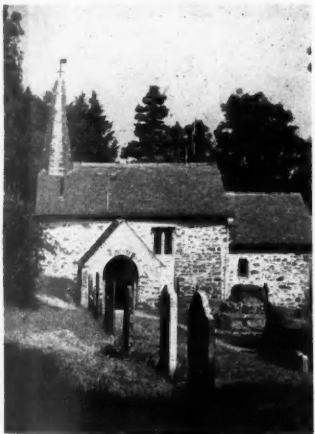




### THE RYE HARVEST

(See letter "Rye Straw")

his second wife, Letitia Hallett (*née* Hallett, of Dunmow). In the left foreground their son is seated, and by his side is his young wife Hannah Hallett (*née* Hopkins). So far there is no point in dispute. But the middle-aged and benevolent couple represented in the left background are John and Elizabeth Hopkins, who were not the parents of Mrs. William Hallett senior (as it might appear), but were



### CULBONE CHURCH, WHICH IS ONLY 33 ft. LONG

(See letter "A 33-ft. Long Church")

the parents of Mrs. William Hallett junior, who holds the child.

Not only chronological conditions but the pedigree that I drew up six years ago decide this issue. I would not trespass on your space were it not for the fact that this is the third time that this misdescription has appeared in print since the picture came to light. One may perhaps urge that this well-composed and historically informing portrait group deserves a better fate in the future. —MAURICE W. BROCKWELL.

### MEDUSA MILLIONS

SIR,—One very calm, sultry evening in September, when rowing out of the mouth of Loch Beag into the wider waters of Loch Lomondale, I noticed many small, jelly-fish floating in with the ebbing tide. After fishing for an hour or so, I returned in the dusk, and found that the progress of my boat was much retarded just within the mouth of Loch Beag. The oars almost refused to move through the water, which seemed as thick as porridge. Looking over the side, I found that the boat was in the midst of a mass of medusæ which appeared

to cover the surface of the loch from shore to shore. It was a laborious job forcing the boat through these millions; and at every stroke of the oars the bright points of phosphorescent light gleamed in the water, while a continuous stream of them flashed and wavered in the wake of the boat. These lights, I believe, are caused by a minute organism which accompanies the medusæ. What, I wonder, would be the cause of such an enormous gathering of these jellyfish? —C., Dumbartonshire.

### RYE STRAW

SIR,—Recent Press references to rye have been concerned with the use of the grain as human food. It may be worth noting, however, that rye straw was of old the most highly valued of all straws, coming next after true reed when thatching materials were to be selected. In later times (the whole of England had only 16,000 acres of rye in 1939) such special uses of rye straw as for the stuffing of horse-collars have been more remarked, while its virtues as thatch have been inevitably forgotten. In the past it was so esteemed that a thatcher with a limited supply would sometimes use rye for the top layer only, the depth of the thatch being composed of inferior straw. Rye straw is fine and long: much of the rye straw grown this year on two small fields on the farm whence I write is over 6 ft. in height. Unfortunately, it did not stand up to the weather very well. —MID-BERKS.

### A 33-FT. LONG CHURCH

SIR,—The tiny church at Culbone, on Exmoor, is named after a Glamorgan saint, St. Culbone, who founded a cell near by in 495. It is 33ft. long and 12ft. wide, and is complete with a lovely little steeple. Its beautiful interior is a wonderful sight, with a chancel arch which is only 2½ ft. wide. It is known as England's "secret church" from the fact that it is hidden away in picturesque solitude in a deep ravine near the Bristol Channel. —J. DENTON ROBINSON, *The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington.*

### A TINDER-LIGHTING PISTOL

SIR,—A little while ago, when I was collecting from my friends the objects to be shown in a "treasure museum" at a local fête in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade funds, I was offered the strange little pistol shown in my photographs. The little box where the barrel should be is of brass with a steel lid which flies up (as shown in one picture) when the trigger is pulled. (The trigger, by the way, keeps the best rules for firearms and refuses to move at half-cock). The screw arrangement on the front of the trigger must, I imagine, have held a piece of flint which struck against

the upright part of the steel lid and produced a spark which fell on tinder in the box below. I should be very much interested to know whether this reconstruction of the use of the "pistol" is correct and whether any of your readers know of other specimens of this device. —ELIZABETH STEWARD, *Crouch End, N.8.*

### RECIPES FOR USING MULBERRIES

SIR,—There is a very good crop of mulberries this year. Can readers supply recipes for making the best use of this fruit? I have read that a very good wine is made from the mulberries produced by Keats's tree in Hampstead, and that tarts are made from the Charterhouse mulberries, but in very many places mulberries (which are credited with

mulberry trees in Chelsea, at Canterbury and at Syon House, and perhaps elsewhere. —MORUS.

### BEEES AND THE SENSE OF HEARING

SIR,—In turning over the pages of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, a book in which to browse always gives me pleasure, I came across the following amusing account of an experiment made by the great naturalist. In view of the recent correspondence about birds and insects it may be of interest to your readers.

I quote from his letter dated February 12, 1778: "It does not appear that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds for I have often tried my own with a large speaking-trumpet held close to their hives and with such an exertion



### THE ANCIENT MULBERRY OF MERTON, OXFORD

(See letter "Recipes for Using Mulberries")

the honour of having caused forks to be introduced from Italy to England) are entirely wasted.

As for the trees, it has been well said that "a mulberry on the lawn is a patent of nobility to any garden." Herewith is a photograph of the handsome and well-shaped specimen in the garden of Merton College, Oxford. In the foreground are the topmost points of shadows of the college buildings, in the background is the terrace raised against the inside of Oxford's ancient city wall, and on the extreme left appear a few twigs from the lime avenue.

Incidentally, Oxford has several old mulberries (including specimens of the relatively uncommon *M. alba*) and it would be interesting to know whether any of them ante-dates the plantation schemes of James I in the 1605-15 decade. Since some Oxford gardens are of monastic origin, and the monks almost certainly grew mulberries before the Dissolution, this seems to be at least possible. There are pre-Jacobean

of voice as would have hailed a ship at a distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, without showing the least sensibility or resentment."

If the bee's inability to hear was a generally accepted fact, whence came the custom of "ringing" the bees practised in Kent many years after Gilbert White's day?

Along the south wall of my grandfather's old farmstead bees were kept in a row of straw skeps. In early summer when a swarm emerged from one of the hives it was a signal for everyone in the house to lay hands on bells, gongs, tea-trays, keys—in fact, anything capable of making a din—and with these implements going full blast, to follow the swarm.

The so-called "ringing" was said to induce the bees to settle.

To the small grandchildren who happened to be staying in the house the excitement was intense, especially when two hives swarmed at the same time and the path of the ringers had to be divided. That the ringing was not



### THE TINDER-LIGHTING PISTOL IN TWO POSITIONS

(See letter "A Tinder-Lighting Pistol")

always successful is borne out by the fact that on occasion a swarm would fly quite a long distance and sometimes be lost.

It would be interesting to know if this strange rite was practised in counties other than Kent and how long it persisted. Perhaps some of your readers can give further information on the subject.

In all probability "ringing the bees" died out long ago with the old straw skep.—EDITH M. MARVON, Westerham.

[There seems no doubt that bees are quite unresponsive to those aerial waves that for us constitute sound. Another great naturalist, the late Lord Avebury, writing in his book *Ants, Bees and Wasps*, published in 1902, says: "I never found them take any notice of any noise which I made, even when it was close to them. I tried one of my bees with a violin. I made all the noise I could, but to my surprise she took no notice. I could not even see a twitch of the antennae. The next day I tried the same experiment with another bee, with the same result. On September 12 and 13 I tried several bees with a dog-whistle and a shrill pipe; but they took no notice whatever, nor did a set of tuning forks which I tried on a subsequent day have any more effect. I also tried with my voice, shouting, etc., close to the head of a bee; but in spite of my utmost efforts, the bees took no notice."

Yet despite the evidence that bees are deaf, the custom of making a noise when a swarm left the hive was formerly a widespread one. In Shropshire old-fashioned bee-keepers practised it up to at least 1920, and said that it was done "to make the bees settle."—Ed.]

#### UNDERGRADUATES' SIGNATURES

SIR,—Following my letter (June 19) to you on undergraduates' signatures, Mr. E. J. Bowen has sent me the accompanying photographs of two of the best of the scratched inscriptions on window panes at University College, Oxford, which he has himself taken—with great skill—in situ; together with his notes upon them in the *University College Record* for 1933, from which he has very kindly permitted me to quote.

The age of the inscriptions, apart from the character of the handwriting, may be judged by the glass itself, a large proportion of which is old crown glass, whose manufacture ceased for ordinary purposes more than a century ago. Considering its brittle nature and the recurring necessity for cleaning, and the fact that the existing inscriptions are in rooms used on an average by at least a hundred successive undergraduates—"a silent answer," Mr. Bowen observes, "to criticism of undergraduate behaviour"—it is remarkable that the number of inscriptions to survive amounts to over 50.

The oldest, and one of the finest, is a verse to Penelope Stonehurst, written in an early eighteenth-century hand upon a window in one of the sets of rooms allotted to the Radcliffe Travelling Fellow in the Radcliffe Quadrangle, built in 1719. It reads thus:

Charming Pen Stonehouse  
Loveliest of Women. Heaven is in  
thy Soul  
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever  
round you.  
Brightning each other,  
Thou art all Divine.

On July 1, 1729, Thomas Hearne, the diarist, notes that "Mrs." (or nowadays Miss) "Penelope Stonehurst (a fine Creature) is married to Sir Henry Adkins"; the inscription would thus have been made between 1719 and 1729. "Nanny Brigantike," whose name is written underneath, and in a different handwriting, may be presumed to be the daughter of Colwell Brickenden, Master of Pembroke College, 1710-14.

The author of another inscription, "Hildebrand Jacob, Esq.," who

Hildebrand  
Jacob Esq

Molly  
Molle meum levibus Cor est violabile telis.

Charming Pen Stonehouse  
Loveliest of Women Heaven is in thy Soul  
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round you  
Brightning each other,  
Thou art all Divine.

Nanny Brigantike

#### EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UNDERGRADUATES' SIGNATURES ON WINDOWS AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD

(See letter "Undergraduates' Signatures")

matriculated in 1736, has scratched beneath his signature a line from Ovid: *Molle meum levibus, Cor est violabile telis*,

which may be rendered thus:

My soft heart is susceptible to the shafts of love.

Being scratched on a pane of a hinged window overlooking the High, it was evidently made, as Mr. Bowen suggests, while the writer sat looking out upon the street from the first floor, searching for classical puns upon the name of Molly. According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Sir Hildebrand Jacob, who took a degree

of D.C.L. in 1756, was said to have been "excelled by few as a general scholar, and especially in his knowledge of Hebrew." It is related of him that in early life, as soon as the fine weather set in and the roads were clear, he would start off with his man "without knowing whither they were going." Then, when evening drew near, he would draw rein at the next village to enquire whether the great man in it was "a lover of books and had a fine library." If the reply was in the negative he and his man went on farther; if in the affirmative, Sir Hildebrand would send in his compli-

ments and say that he was come to see him, and then "used to stay until time or curiosity induced him to move on elsewhere." In this economical way he is recorded to have travelled through the greater part of England. He died unmarried in 1790.

Mr. Bowen notes that of the 21 identifiable undergraduates who thus attempted to leave their names to posterity, 10 afterwards became clergymen and 10 lawyers. The single exception is the writer of this letter, who had completely forgotten his effort of 46 years ago to carry on an ancient custom of the College until he recently came across his own name in Mr. Bowen's catalogue of scratched inscriptions.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, Highclere, near Newbury.

#### A WASPS' NEST

SIR,—In 1941 the number of wasps' nests was very much below the average. This year the nests seem to be rather plentiful, at any rate in this district. Quite a number of nests of the bush wasps have been reported to me, unfortunately after they had been destroyed. I have, however, seen several very nice examples both of *V. sylvestris* and *V. norvegica*, some very early in May. On June 12 I found a nest of *V. norvegica* in rather an unusual position. It was under a slight overhang in the steep bank of the side of a lane. It then measured 2½ ins. wide by 2 ins. high approximately. The workers were very busy extending the outside envelopes. I took the photograph at

More than 10,000 drawings have to be made before a new type of bomber can fly. This is only one of the many vital uses to which your waste paper is put in our aircraft factories.

7 a.m. G.M.T. on June 30. The nest was then 6 ins. wide and 4½ ins. high approximately. I do not think it will be any larger. Unfortunately it was very much in the shade, both from the tall hedges of the very narrow lane and overhanging trees. I therefore had to give a time exposure of some seconds and so several of the wasps have moved. Usually these wasps are very good-tempered, but the occupants of this nest are exceedingly peevish.—J. H. OWEN, Oswestry.

[To most people a wasp is just a wasp, but in fact there are five quite common species in England and the insect that annoys us may belong to any one of them. They are *Vespa vulgaris*, *V. germanica*, *V. rufa*, *V. sylvestris* and *V. norvegica*. All five are very similar to the lay eye. The first three construct underground nests and the last two build aloft, hanging their paper homes in bushes and trees. The interest of our correspondent's letter and photograph is that he records a colony of *V. norvegica* in a most unusual situation, under a bank.—Ed.]

#### FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

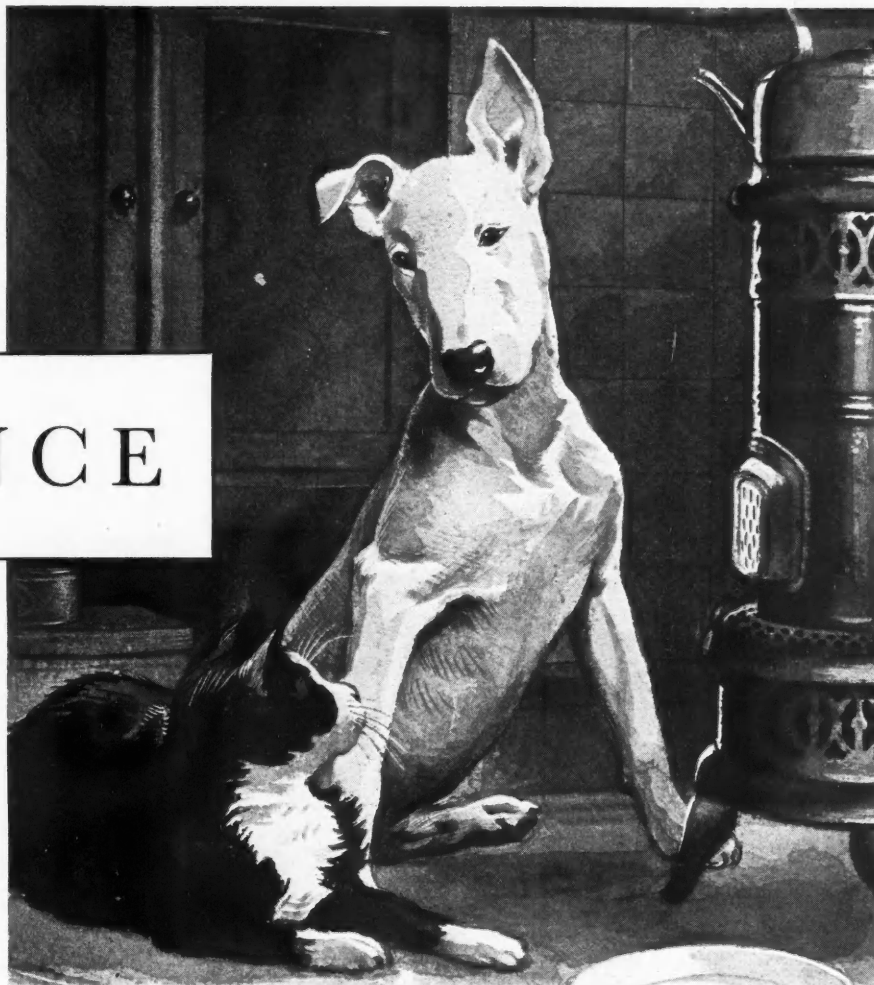
SIR,—Some little time ago you very kindly published a letter from the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Middleton appealing for books on sport for distribution to prisoners of war, and I feel certain that your readers will be delighted to hear that this appeal has met with a really wonderful response. Books have been received from all parts of the country and from all classes of sportsmen, and including some from H.M. Queen Mary. These books are now being sorted out at the headquarters of the British Red Cross and it is hoped that as a result the majority of prison camps will each receive a representative library of books covering all phases of British sport. Meanwhile, should any of your readers still have books on sport to spare, they will be very welcome if sent to The Indoor Recreation Centre, Prisoners of War Department, St. James's Palace, S.W.1, with a slip enclosed giving the donor's name and address.—J. LES W. FITZWILLIAM, Secretary, British Field Sports Society, Petworth, Sussex.



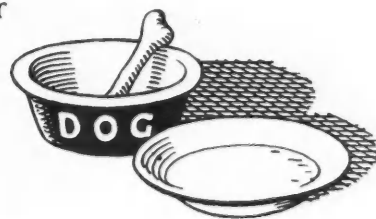
A NEST OF *VESPA NORVEGICA* IN AN UNUSUAL SITUATION  
(See letter "A Wasps' Nest")



# PATIENCE



"Ah, fires are not what they were when *we* were puppy and kitten ; there don't seem to be so many bones about either and milk is pretty sketchy. And as for the Mistress—she's always so busy these days and Master's away most of the time. But *we* can take it! We'll just sit tight till happier days are here again. *And then.* Big bowls of food. Biscuits! Meat! Fish! Milk! Frolics with the family! Long walks! Motor rides... Yes, when Master gets that car out of the garage again and opens the door I'll be in my usual place by the window before he can say Jack Robinson." When happier days are here once more and the War is won, The Standard Motor Company will build the family car again.




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e Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry

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# What's



# next?



Yesterday the spit . . .  
 . . . the kitchen range;  
 today the electric cooker  
 . . . and tomorrow?

Science progresses and  
 with peace will come  
 a range of G.E.C. quality  
 products incorporating  
 the results of never-  
 ending G.E.C. research

## G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

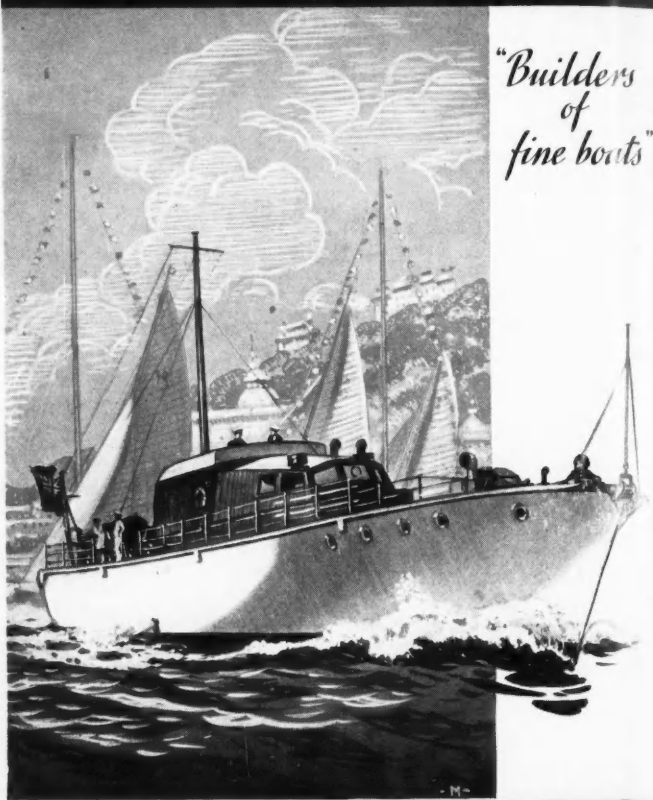
*Worth looking forward to*

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

## Ranalah YACHT YARD Limited

WOOTTON CREEK, ISLE OF WIGHT

*"Builders  
 of  
 fine boats"*



THERE'S THE POST! . . . . Train, plane, ship, car, may all have helped to bring these letters from far places, but their safe delivery at last owes thanks to the dependable anonymous hand that pushes them through the letter-box. By the same token remember that many a roving transport vehicle clocks in to time day after day because unknown workers have laboured faithfully to make our plugs the trusty things they are.

### AC-SPHINX SPARKING PLUGS



## FARMING NOTES

## POTASH DEFICIENCY PROBLEMS

FROM several parts of the country I hear of patches of crop failure that the scientists now attribute to potash deficiency. Some farmers in the thin gravelly soils over the chalk in the southern counties are getting really worried about this problem. They have sown two, or possibly three, corn crops since the war started, and now some parts of the fields have almost given up. Barley has shown up the worst. There were some unhealthy looking pieces of wheat also and some oats that did not look too happy before harvest. The remedy one would say in these days of artificial fertilisers, would be to apply muriate of potash or some other potash fertiliser to this land. But unfortunately potash is a scarce commodity now, so that we can get has to come largely from Palestine, and the haul from Palestine is a long one. Moreover, the potash that is brought in is needed partly for industrial purposes. So the quantity that agriculture can get nowadays is strictly limited. Some of this is needed for special crops—like sugar beet, potatoes and flax—that revel in potash, and there is comparatively little left for the potash-deficient soils.

It seems then that we must have some other remedy than the fertiliser bag to make good these deficiencies. The suggestion has been made that salt might be used instead of potash, but Rothamsted seems very doubtful about the advantages of this so far as cereals are concerned. Salt will replace potash to some extent for sugar beet.

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THE ideal, of course, would be to get back to the system of farming which in past generations answered so well in these light land districts. This was based on the sheepfold. A root break was grown in the arable rotation, and the sheep were fed on the roots with something out of the trough, so maintaining the balance of plant-food in the soil. Sheepfolding is a difficult matter to develop in war-time when skilled shepherds are hard to find and it is almost impossible to get a quantity of hurdles. Some people are thinking of the possibilities of using more straw on this type of land to build up the potash content. Straw can be composted and quite a useful manure made in this way, but composting needs water and also labour. Water is short on many of these farms, and turning several compost heaps regularly seems hardly an economical use for man-power in war-time. It might be possible to develop some mechanical means of turning the heaps. Even so, straw has no great fertilising value in itself.

What these areas really need is more livestock, either sheep or cattle. On some farms it may be practical to winter more store cattle in such temporary yards constructed largely of baled straw as I described in these notes on August 21. The actual shelter was made of rough timber from a near-by plantation that was being cut for the Ministry of Supply, and the yard was constructed of the baled straw. This had the advantage of absorbing any liquid manure that might otherwise have run away. The floor of the yard was kept well littered with loose straw. There may be possibilities, too, in growing rye instead of wheat, oats and barley on this land. Rye is the crop for poorer land and will manage with less potash than other cereals. I am told that there are now some much improved selections of rye which will give yields comparable to those of the other cereals. On such very poor land rye may very well be the best grain crop that can be grown.

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EVERYONE seems to have got his allocation of phosphate fertilisers. The allowance is on the generous side, from what I hear from my neighbours. In my own case I have been given a permit to buy almost exactly the same quantity as was used last year. I fancy I need rather more fertilisers than most of my neighbours and that the allocations made to

them have been rather a shock. They are not accustomed to spending so much on fertilisers. There is, of course, nothing to require a farmer to buy all the phosphates that have been allocated to him. What is not taken up on these permits will be available for distribution later on through the War Agricultural Committees. It is certain that they will come across some fields that should have more phosphates, and it will be all to the good if they have a little in hand which can be sent where it will give the best results.

Farmers are certainly becoming more conscious of the possibilities of fertilisers. The offer of a rebate for sulphate of ammonia ordered early in the summer soon had to be closed. The total amount allowed for these early deliveries was snapped up in 10 days or a fortnight. We are getting so accustomed to planning ahead that some farmers are getting worried that they have not already received deliveries of the fertilisers they will want this autumn. The merchants will certainly be kept busy during

September to supply all the requirements for the extra autumn wheat to be sown.

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IN a journey across two counties it was good to see how well farmers had got on with the early ploughing of grass land. The corn was slow in ripening and there was a slack period of a fortnight or three weeks before the start of harvest when the tractors and horses could go ploughing. Most of this newly-broken ground will presumably go into wheat. Ploughed in late July or early August, the soil will have had the benefit of the sun and the birds should have done some scavenging for wireworm. It is well worth while moving the ground about once or twice when time can be found at harvest and then getting a second ploughing in September. This may bring up some of the old turf, but the more cultivations that can be put into the ground before the wheat is sown the better chance the crop stands of getting firmly established and overcoming the various kinds of trouble.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## SUPPLY MUCH BELOW DEMAND

IT is hardly possible for anyone, whether an agent or solicitor, or in any other capacity connected with real estate, to avoid reflecting on the contrast presented by the present state of the market with that of a normal period. Vividly before us must be the recollection of the hurried despatch of such transactions as remained over from the activity of the spring and summer seasons, and, if the work was strenuous, compensations apart from fees and commission lay in the prospect of a few weeks of relaxation that usually extended well into September. To-day the old well-defined boundaries between the seasonal sales of various types of property have disappeared, and instead there is a trickle of business all the time, and, in consequence of depleted staffs and war-time inconveniences of one kind and another, principals must go on working, and much of the work that they have to do is what in happier periods was confidently entrusted to staffs.

A peculiarity of business to-day is the unceasing call on the profession for advice and assistance in solving the novel problems of war-time tenancies, war damage claims and, perhaps most trying of all, valuation for various purposes in a time of present and future uncertainty. The responsibility of the valuer was never more onerous than now, and although often a valuer may wish that the mantle of the prophet had fallen upon him, he unites his past experience with all the deductions that he can draw about current and coming conditions, and formulates a report which will stand any reasonable scrutiny. Curiously, perhaps, it seems the exception rather than the rule for valuers to insert any cautionary clause for their own protection in current valuations, and its absence can be justified on many grounds, especially the admittedly exceptional nature of the period, because of which there cannot be that exactitude of calculation and, to some extent, forecast that have not unreasonably been looked for in a normal time. Inevitably the bulk of valuation as of other professional work has to be done by the seniors, men who speak with authority founded on long experience, so the margin of error is narrowed to trifling proportions.

## COMING SUFFOLK SALE

REFERRING to a note in COUNTRY LIFE on the impending auction of the Great Thurlow Hall estate of 12,270 acres, the joint agents, Messrs. Bidwell and Sons and Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, inform us that, although, as quite correctly stated in these pages, the preliminary notice of the contemplated auction made no mention of the principal residences on the property, Great Thurlow Hall is to be included in the offer. This is a comfortable Georgian house of medium size, which would be retained for the duration of the war, or, if desired by a purchaser, would be handed over with the rest of the property. Approximately 1,250 acres of agricultural land are in hand, and will be sold with the right of immediate possession. The rent roll of the estate exceeds £13,200 a year. The late owner, Mr. C. F. Ryder, was a prominent member of the Newmarket and Thurlow Hunt.

If an auction has to be held it is understood that it will be in Cambridge, and that one session will be conducted by Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson

(Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) and the other by Mr. Jackson Stops. It is a long while since so extensive and important an area of farms and woods came under the hammer at a single auction. A valuer who has lately inspected the estate tells us that he was charmed with the finely wooded country, and that the farms have notably good houses and buildings. Particulars will be ready at an early date.

## PRIVATE SALE OF FARMS

IN the last week or two many farms have been disposed of by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Cirencester office, among them Snowhill Farm, near Broadway, which failed to reach the reserve under the hammer, but was sold immediately after the auction; the Manor House estate, Purton, an attractive property of 83 acres, which had not been in the market for 40 years; Ladyham, near Burford, which has been sold with the contents; Langley Chase House, Kington Langley, and Downington House, Lechlade.

## SOME CURRENT OPPORTUNITIES

ONE of the largest of the West Country freeholds likely to come under the hammer in the next month or so is Croydon Hall, 547 acres, adjoining the Dunster Castle estate, between Minehead and Washford. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the agents, and Mr. J. W. Butler is the resident agent. The rentals yield over £1,230 a year. The sporting, in hand, includes trout-fishing in three-quarters of a mile.

From £3,000 to £7,000 is the range of prices quoted by Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor, for residential properties of from an acre to 20 acres, all within easy reach of London. The Sussex offers include nice places in St. Leonard's Forest and a modern freehold in the vicinity of Crowborough.

A very pleasing house of medium size, modern and most comfortably equipped, in 2 acres of garden, can be bought at a reasonable price, through Messrs. Winkworth and Co. It is near a station in Berkshire, and handy for golf.

The live and dead stock can be bought with a Hampshire "accredited dairy" and corn farm, of 277 acres, of which 111 acres are arable. It has a comfortable house, sound buildings, some cottages and "main" electricity supply. Messrs. Nicholas are the agents.

At Sevenoaks on September 16, Messrs. Hampton and Sons are to sell the modernised house and 11 acres, called Darenthdale, overlooking the Darenth valley. The firm quotes a rent of £250 a year for a modernised Tudor farmhouse, on the outskirts of East Grinstead. Messrs. Hampton and Sons have taken over the old-established practice of Messrs. de Beer at Bishop Stortford, and will carry it on in close touch with their Arlington Street headquarters.

Offers by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer include a Georgian mansion and 230 acres, near a Shropshire market town, and 500 ft. above sea level; and a modern house in 2 acres, on a high site at Henley-on-Thames, "at a greatly reduced price."

At Oxford on September 9, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Hampton and Sons will offer the Brightwell estate of 1,672 acres, the Early Georgian house, village freeholds and a "free" fully-licensed house.

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## NEW BOOKS

# AUSTRIA'S LAST CHANCELLOR

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IT is not often that the history of politics throws up so tragic an enigma as Kurt Schuschnigg, the last Chancellor of Austria.

Few men enter politics without some inborn attraction to that always tricky and often stormy life. It is unfortunate, though true, that rogues flourish in the atmosphere of hidden or overt conflict that is the breath of life of party government; and even the righteous among the statesmen seem to have a temperamental aptitude for storm and stress. Gladstone, one must suppose, was happy in the ceaseless rigour of his days.

### DUTY ONLY

Kurt Schuschnigg, called upon in the darkest hour his country had known to shoulder burdens that a giant would have found ponderous and to unravel a situation that Metternich or Talleyrand would have esteemed complex, seems to have had nothing to support him—no joy in conflict, no love of intrigue and subtle solutions—nothing but a clear and uncompromising sense of duty.

Mr. R. K. Sheridan, whose *Schuschnigg* is published by the English Universities Press (15s.), says: "Those who knew him only superficially realised nothing of the hidden torments which the glacial facade concealed."

There you have another of the qualities which sharply differentiate Schuschnigg from the common run of politicians. Villainous and virtuous alike, they have in greater or lesser degree the common touch, the demagogue's appealing *flair*, a Barnum's showmanship or a Spurgeon's evangelistic fervour. Schuschnigg had none of these qualities: "glacial" is the word for him; and he was called upon by the irony of history to set his frigid wits against the lures and the stormings, the threats and the spell-bindings, of the most gifted and most unscrupulous demagogue in history—Adolf Hitler.

Mr. Sheridan tells his story well. Schuschnigg was the strange product of a military family. Both his grandfather and his father were generals in the Austrian army; and the boy himself, once he had passed through a Catholic school, found himself at the early age of 17 plunged into warfare on the Isonzo and Piave fronts. He was a prisoner of the Italians when the war ended; and then he returned to his disrupted fatherland, faced, like thousands of other youths, with the necessity to earn his living.

The seeds of his life's tragedy and disaster were all about him. Austria—Hungary, the land into which he had been born, was carved and served on half a dozen plates, and these generous and

reckless helpings of souls were to have uneasy consequences.

The young man with the aimless spectacles and the cold blue eyes and the detached manner of a pedant settled down as a lawyer at Innsbruck, married, and seemed the last person in the world who might be expected to swing into the political orbit. Politics he considered "the little-esteemed occupation of a little-esteemed body of men," but Siegel, the cleric-Chancellor, took note of him, his scruples were overcome, and at the age of 29 he entered the Austrian Parliament as a Christian-Socialist.

Thereafter the story of his friendship with Dollfuss, his accession to the Chancellorship, his long parrying with Hitler, the famous interview at Berchtesgaden, the invasion, the arrest and disappearance of Schuschnigg: all this is well known; but there are some points of personal interest raised by Mr. Sheridan that call for attention.

### SCHUSCHNIGG'S WIFE

He suggests, for example, that if the Chancellor's wife had not died when she did, in 1935, "Austria might have remained Austria. Her death deprived the Chancellor of the only real friend and adviser he ever had."

Whether the motor accident in which Herma Schuschnigg was killed was arranged by the Nazis, as Mr. Sheridan suggests, we shall perhaps never know; but what we may be fairly certain of is this: that nothing short of an alignment of great Powers at Austria's side could have saved the country. No individual could have done it: certainly not Herma Schuschnigg.

Mr. Sheridan's own words make it clear that she was a timorous woman and her nerves had been tried to the utmost. There was the assassination of Dollfuss, and there was a grim happening in her own household after her husband had become Chancellor. "A messenger had delivered a box, addressed to Frau von Schuschnigg, from one of the great Vienna dress houses. Inside was a complete set of widow's weeds, in black crepe and lawn, with a swastika-stamped card marked 'You may shortly be requiring these.'"

This happened, Mr. Sheridan says, at a time when Herma was already playing on her husband's mind with the suggestion that his burdens were too great, and now "she redoubled her persuasions for him to resign. She was so insistent that even his firm conviction that he was carrying on a sacred trust began to waver. . . . She desired his retirement more than anything else in the world."

Who can blame

### SCHUSCHNIGG

By R. K. Sheridan  
(English Universities Press, 15s.)

### GOOD NEIGHBOURS

By Walter Rose  
(Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d.)

### SCATTERED SHOTS

By Major C. S. Jarvis  
(Murray, 7s. 6d.)

### THE INTIMATE THOUGHTS OF JOHN BAXTER, BOOKSELLER

Edited by Augustus Muir  
(Methuen, 6s.)



her? But if Mr. Sheridan is right here he cannot also be right in the suggestion made a few pages further on that Herma's survival would have affected the final issue. It might have meant that Schuschnigg himself would be saved. But that Austria would remain Austria? It is difficult to see.

#### COUNTRYMAN'S LIFE

Mr. Walter Rose's book *Good Neighbours* is of the same school as George Sturt's *The Wheelwright's Shop* and J. B. Kennell's *Change in the Farm*, and, like those two books, it comes from the Cambridge University Press (10s.).

Rose writes of the Buckinghamshire village in which all his life has passed and in which many generations of Roses lived before him. His life has been long and his memory is longer, so that, through the recorded sayings and anecdotes of his years, he has a clear notion of the village as it existed before the enclosures of 1830, and as village life before that time had been unchanged for centuries, it may well be imagined that the author writes with an immense traditional weight behind his pen. "The village of my childhood," he says, "may be regarded as the result [of the enclosures] with a life somewhat mangled by the operations of its birth, yet in which some semblance of its parentage remained."

One of the consequences of enclosure was that some families which had farmed for generations left the land. The Rose family was one of these. They turned to the building crafts, and the author himself was brought up in a carpenter's shop. "But my grandfather always used to regard this change as a mistake."

It would be impossible to find anything more different than this book is from the nauseating productions of authors who have seized a couple of labourers' cottages, put in electric light, sunk a well, and settled down to spin an endless web of country whimsies. This is the authentic stuff, good crusty bread, home-baked, not synthetic cake. Mr. Rose writes of country crafts and festivals, of the punctual rhythm of the seasons, of "characters" and rogues and vagabonds and of plain working folk who make up the bulk of life in town and village alike. He writes in a beautifully simple and lucid style, and when in his foreword he thanks Mr. John Hookham for the "charming drawings" with which the book is illustrated he is paying a tribute where it richly belongs.

#### MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE know so much about Major C. S. Jarvis—that most self-revealing of authors—that when a new book from him comes along there should be need to do little more than announce the fact and say: "Go to it."

This present book is called *Scattered Shots* (Murray, 7s. 6d.) and it contains a dozen pieces, some of which have appeared in the magazines. One of Major Jarvis's strong points as a writer is his ability to convey knowledge not only easily but jocularly. Most of the articles here collected are about shooting—both animals and birds—in the desert, and about big game. On all these matters he is most knowledgeable, but never for a moment does what he knows overburden his joy in the telling or our pleasure in the learning.

#### BOOKS FOR BOOK-LOVERS

*Intimate Thoughts of John Baxter*, edited by Augustus

Muir (Methuen, 6s.), is a book predestined to be called charming. That is an abused adjective, but here an appropriate one.

The book is John Baxter's diary (written, we must suppose, by Mr. Muir, though he modestly claims only an editorial function), and Mr. Baxter is the chief assistant in an Edinburgh secondhand bookshop. He is a middle-aged bachelor with a love of his job and of the volumes that make his stock-in-trade. Not content with discussing them with customers or with Mr. Pumpherson his employer, he must needs put down his thoughts in this diary, in his cosy lodgings with the fire lit, the lamp burning and the teapot standing neighbourly to hand.

We spend many hours with Mr. Baxter in this room, and learn not only his views about books, which are generally conservative and sound, but also of his longing to better himself by taking a job in London, which we know he will never do, and of his secret fear that some day he will be landed by Mrs. Gilmour his landlady, which just as certainly we know will happen. Mr. Baxter is a Cranford, old-maidenly sort of fellow, never pugnacious if at times mildly assertive about his favourite writers, and goodness knows we can do in these days with the company of a man civilised enough not to be a bully.

#### STUART LONDON'S CZECH PORTRAYER

IN *Hollar, a Czech Emigré in England* (8s. 6d.), published by Czechoslovak (London, 1942), Johannes Urzidil has written the first English biography of the artist who, among other great services to his adopted country, is the portrayer of Old London before the Fire. The story of his flight from his beloved Prague in 1627, after the loss for three centuries of Bohemia's hard-won independence, has enough in common with the recent experiences of many of his countrymen to give it peculiar vividness to-day—an aspect of Hollar on which Mr. Urzidil can write with feeling. There is a delightful description of the artist escorting his first and best English patron, the connoisseur Earl of Arundel, round his native city when a diplomatic mission took the Earl, with Hollar in his train, to Central Europe. But for Lord Arundel, who established him in Northumberland House, Hollar did not find the success he expected in England. Van Dyck, whose portraits he wished to engrave, seems to have regarded his linear method as unsuitable, though mezzotint, the ideal reproducing medium, had not yet been perfected. So Hollar was forced largely to rely on topography, in which he indeed excelled. Then the Civil War broke out, not till the end of which did he follow his first patron to Antwerp, fruitlessly as it proved. Incidentally, Mr. Urzidil disproves the tradition that Hollar was with Inigo Jones in the siege of Basing. In spite of some popularity in Antwerp, Hollar seems to have been unhappy out of England, whither he and his wife (Lady Arundel's chambermaid) returned during the Commonwealth. But Puritan London was no place for an artist, and Hollar could never improve on a hand-to-mouth existence, though the Fire of London suddenly gave his topographical engravings an unique and permanent importance. Yet he had the friendship and honour of a few discerning virtuosi, and when he was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, a nearby contemporary hand added, below his name in the burial register, his epitaph "The Famous." This little book, well illustrated with 30 representative engravings and translated by Paul Selver, is a pleasantly readable and reliable picture of the first Czech refugee to find immortality in England.

## CONVERSATION PIECE



PAM, 1942, obviously finds a bedroom conversation with Miss Clara, 1892, no easy matter. The difference in their outlooks is reflected in their underclothes. Look at them. No longer ago than our mothers' day these were made from vegetable fibres (cotton and linen) or animal, that is protein, fibres (wool and silk). About 1850 chemical research began to examine how it might improve on these natural fibres. Cotton was cheap but harsh. A British chemist, John Mercer, devised the process of mercerising which greatly improved its softness and appearance, though without approaching the softness and beauty of silk. Yet silk was far too costly for the average woman. Accordingly the chemist set out to build new silk-like fabrics. He began with vegetable fibres, treating cellulose from wood pulp to give the "artificial silks" now generally known as rayon. But as Nature had made the cellulose, the chemist in building up these fabrics only entered at the half-way stage. During the last ten years he has shown his ability to start at rock bottom. In the discovery of nylon, the chemical industry has proved its ability to create its own raw material and to produce a fibre that is an improvement on natural silk. At the moment nylon is playing its part in the national effort, and will not be available to the public until the war is over. Whereas Miss Clara's underclothes were grown on a cotton plantation or the back of a sheep, Pam's "scanties" are discovered in the laboratory and produced in the chemical factory. The modern girl has good reason to be grateful to the chemist who has brought soft and beautiful fabrics within the reach of all.



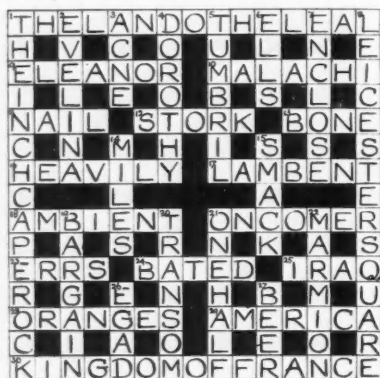
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## SOLUTION to No. 657

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of August 28, will be announced next week.



The winner of Crossword No. 656 is  
Miss Dorothy Hague,  
Fircroft, Devenish Road, Sunningdale,  
Berkshire.

## ACROSS

5. To have or to be? Both (6)
8. Without intermission (10)
9. How the park scolded before the fence was removed! (6)
10. Provisions (10)
13. "Refaned" batter for the Indian army officer (5)
16. In tens? And a bit over (7)
17. "Bold oxlips and  
The ——— imperial."—Shakespeare (5)
18. The fairy-tale brothers (5)
19. Vessel causing discord (3)
20. Fruit (3)

# CROSSWORD

## No. 658

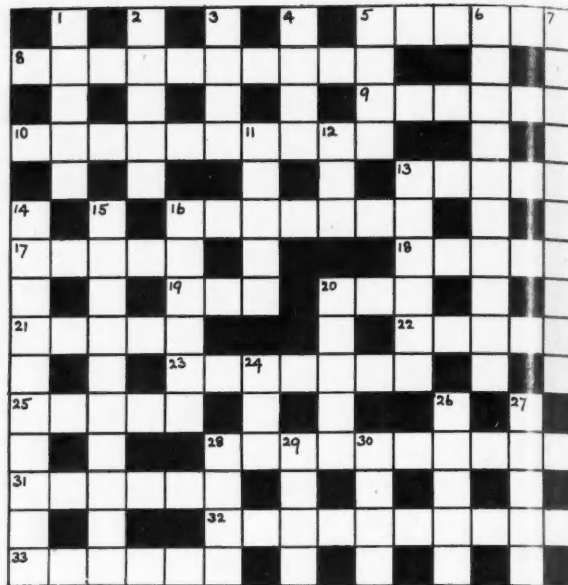
21. French and English article side by side (5)
22. He went round the world (5)
23. Byronic pirate (7)
25. Little night bird (5)
28. Some of Shaw's plays (10)
31. Sows (6)
32. "All ——— is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world . . ."—Tennyson (9)
33. Gives in (6)

## DOWN

1. The Egyptian god has hours to spare (5)
2. Guano (or what the toe is?) (5)
3. The man and I on the Spanish one (4)
4. What a blow for the nuts! (4)
5. Cowhouse (4)
6. Everything in the beginning (three words, 3, 2, 5)
7. Ten dear men (anagr.) (10)
11. Behind (5)
12. Able container (3)
13. Precedes my neighbour at play (6)
14. Such graded earnings have a fishy sound (three words, 5, 2, 3)
15. Not the pace at which the postman goes (two words, 6, 4)
16. Throw into (6)
20. Not necessarily a weak basket (5)
24. Flee (3)
26. A desk in pieces (5)
27. Dexterity (5)
28. Employs us half way (4)
29. Its music should be acceptable to the smoking-room (4)
30. And here are unmusical organs (4)

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 658, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, September 10, 1942.

## "COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 658



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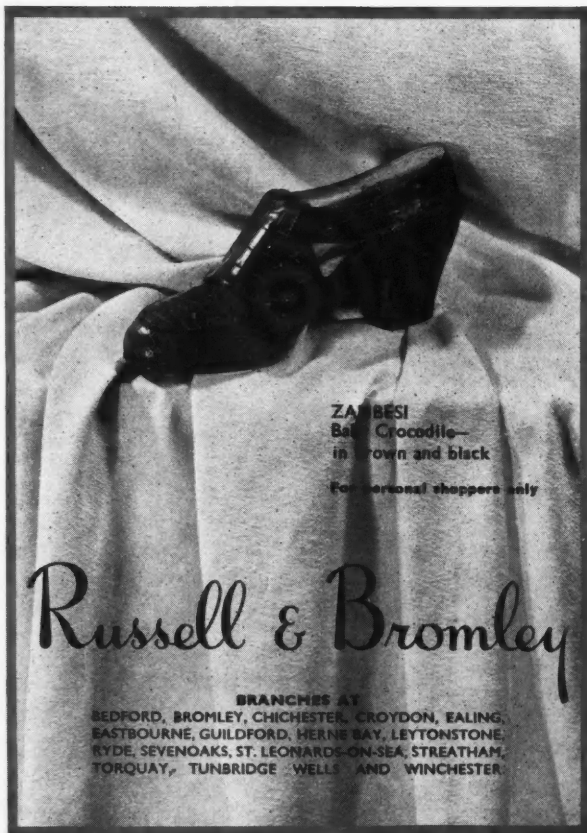


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CABARET

# RED HEART RUM



*The Great Standby*



They brought us  
two evacuees  
Mum smiled and just  
said 'two more please'

*She fairly takes the biscuit!*

—and Weston **MAKES** the biscuit

What with the evacuees, and Dad's ARP, and the boys home on leave (besides parcels when they are away), Mum says that biscuits are indispensable.

Mum is always right—everyone finds in biscuits a food that satisfies many needs. In home, factory and office—on active service, in civil defence—nothing can replace biscuits.

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# WESTON Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

# Coats

## YOU CAN LIVE IN

Topcoats in the Seigal winter collection have dropped the round shouldered line, show sleeves set in with a double seam like a man's and the padding squared. Note the cut-out effect on the pocket. The material is a soft smooth woollen.

A winter coat designed by Nicoll Clothes in a thick jaspe woollen. The wide armholes make it easy to slip over a suit; the two pockets allowed by the new regulations are nicked and turned back at the top, where they touch the waistline.



PHOTOGRAPHS  
DENES



**C**OATS so accommodating that they are described as coats you can live in are the kind that are being shown everywhere and are easily the best investment for a war winter. A tailored topcoat heads the priority list; as it takes 18 coupons, it also becomes the *pièce de résistance* of the wardrobe, the item round which the whole edifice is erected, for it is the only big item you can indulge in for a considerable time.

These casual, elegant coats are as easy to slip on as the now classic camel-hairs, and can be worn on as many different occasions. They are built like a man's, based on the fundamentals of good tailoring, exceedingly simple in line. All the big designers are showing camel-hairs, some belted in the Garbo tradition, others fitting and beltless with important-looking squared shoulders and revers, all with that effortless elegance we associate with good tailoring allied to a beautiful fabric. There are also coloured camel-hairs galore and a whole host of thick fleecy woollens and homespun cut on the same easy line.

The big news has to do with shoulders and pockets. Rounded padding and dolman sleeves are a thing of the past and the winter coats have a mannish, tailored look. There are a number with semi-traglan sleeves, but even these keep a clean, squared look without a hint of the dropped shoulder-line. The double seam running half way round





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Turquoise or rose beige.

Sizes: 16" 18" and 20".

Prices from 96/9 in 16"  
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Bonnet to match 42/3

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Please send correct number of  
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Sizes 16", 18", 20", 22" (7 coupons)  
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Boys' tailored coat in brown  
mixture tweed, with velvet  
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Sizes: 18", 20", 22", 24" and 26".

Prices from £5. 4. 3. in 18" size

Beret to match 30/8

Suits for wearing under this coat.  
From 62/3 in 2 year size.

Girls' winter coat of Scotch  
tweed, in strawberry with  
coloured flecks, also velvet collar  
Sizes: 18", 20", 22", 24", 26" and 28"

Prices from £5. 4. 3. in 18" size

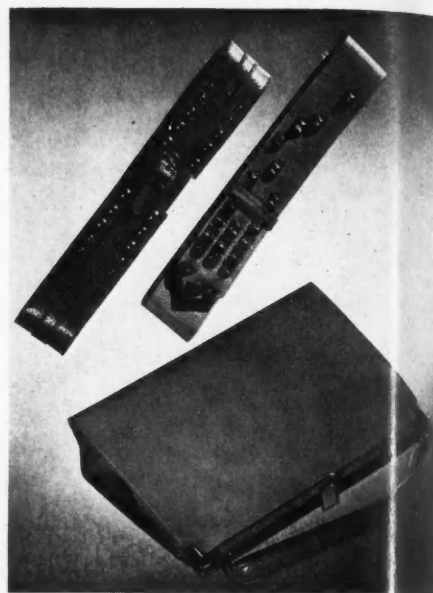
Hat to match 39/9

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tweeds, belts studded  
with gold like a Mexi-  
can's, and a handbag  
that opens easily and  
has a neat handle.  
Chosen from a large  
collection at Simpson's.



the top of a set-in  
sleeve is the newest  
of all—you see it on  
the Seigal coat we  
have photographed.

Pockets are  
reduced to two by  
the new regula-  
tions, and may not  
be decorated with  
inverted pleats or  
various other gad-  
gets, but they make  
up for this by being  
huge, generally  
touching the waist-  
line, so that they  
dominate the coat.

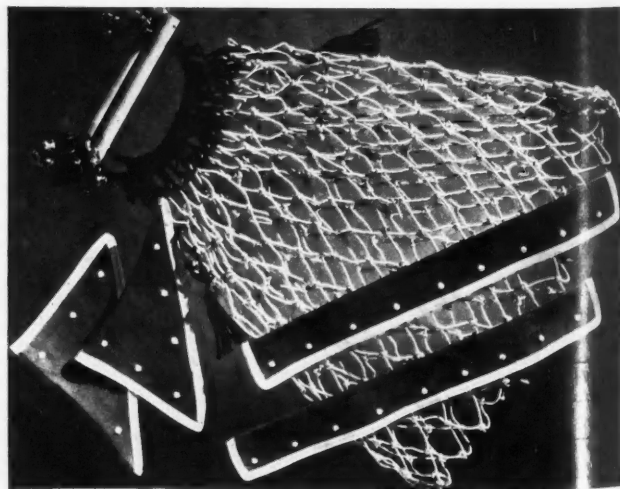
There are a thousand and one ways of nicking the top and turning down a flap, so that they seem almost as varied in design as before. The navy reefer coats with gold buttons and scarlet linings are very smart. They are waisted at the back, with inverted pleats. Then there are coats with coloured panels introduced down the front of the lining so that they show when the coat is opened and thrown back. Everything gives just a hint that the waistline has been lowered. It has been, just a fraction at the back, and all these pocket effects and the new shoulder add to this feeling. While there is no attempt at a "V" of seaming at the back, the new outline has the effect of making this line.

THE prohibition of fur trimming has altered the whole conception of the black woollens, always shown in great numbers, usually with silver fox or Persian lamb collars. Necklines are adaptable; the only rule is that everything at the top lies flat, so that the woman with beautiful furs can wear them over the collar and revers of the coat, instead of their being part of the coat itself. Most of these coats fit the figure at the waist with softness placed as gathers above it. Shoulders are wide and padded and pockets are capacious.

There are a great many of these black coats and a great many brown fur pieces to go with them. The stole is back. Hartnell showed it in his summer collection with a sheath coat-frock, and it was a big success. These wide stoles in flat fur such as mink, Persian lamb, or nutria, are slit so that they can be worn in many ways, pulled through and looped or draped round the shoulders. They can be, and usually are, made from old fur coats. Smaller fur pieces are tied in becoming bows and looped close to the throat.

Fur coats are almost inevitably full length, the furriers tell me. People buy fur coats for warmth and do not feel inclined to expend 18 coupons on a three-quarter-length one. It is true that there are any number of small fur coats, but they are nearly all in the renovation department, as they can be made up from the good parts of worn ones. The new fur coats at Selincourt's are made with a fitted waistline and wide, squared shoulders. There is a lovely new shade they are calling black coffee. A full-length coat in black-coffee ermine is tailored like a camel-hair with large pockets set in with vertical slits. A black Indian lamb is gathered at the back into the new fitted waistline.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



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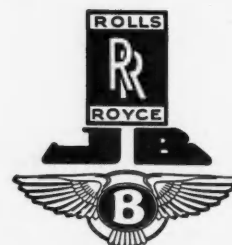
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